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POEMS·OF·PLACES

COLLECTED BY
Eliza W. Lovell

SOUTHERN STATES

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EDITED BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It is the Soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind descries.

CRABBE.

AMERICA.

SOUTHERN STATES.

(Many poems on the Civil War.)



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INTRODUCTORY.

MARYLAND.

LIVED by vast depths that swell on either side
Where Chesapeake intrudes his midway tide,
Gay Maryland attracts the admiring eye,
A fertile region with a temperate sky.
In years elapsed, her heroes of renown
From British Anna named one favorite town :
But, lost her commerce, though she guards their laws,
Proud Baltimore that envied commerce draws.

Few are the years since there, at random placed,
Some wretched huts her quiet port disgraced ;
Safe from all winds, and covered from the bay,
There, at his ease, the thoughtless native lay.
Now, rich and great, no more a slave to sloth,
She claims importance from her towering growth, —
High in renown, her streets and domes arranged,
A group of cabins to a city changed.

Though rich at home, to foreign lands they stray,
For foreign trappings trade their wealth away.
Politest manners through their towns prevail,

And pleasure revels, though her funds should fail ;
 In each gay dome soft music charms its lord,
 Where female beauty strikes the trembling chord ;
 On the fine air with nicest touches dwells,
 While from the tongue the according ditty swells :
 Proud to be seen, 't is theirs to place delight
 In dances measured by the winter's night,
 The evening feast, that wine and mirth prolong,
 The lamp of splendor, and the midnight song.

* * *

In those, whom choice or different fortunes place
 On rural scenes, a different mind we trace ;
 There solitude, that still to dulness tends,
 To rustic forms no sprightly action lends ;
 Heeds not the garb, mopes o'er the evening fire ;
 And bids the maiden from the man retire.
 On winding floods the losty mansion stands,
 That casts a mournful view o'er neighboring lands ;
 There the sad master strays amidst his grounds,
 Directs his negroes, or reviews his hounds ;
 Then home returning plies his pasteboard play,
 Or dreams o'er wine, that hardly makes him gay :
 If some chance guest arrive in weary plight,
 He more than bids him welcome for the night ;
 Kind to profusion, spares no pains to please,
 Gives him the product of his fields and trees ;
 On his rich board shines plenty from her source,
 The meanest dish of all — his own discourse.

Philip Freneau.

MY MARYLAND.

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland !
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland !
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Hark to thy wandering son's appeal,
Maryland !
My mother State ! to thee I kneel,
Maryland !
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland !
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland !
Remember Carroll's sacred trust;
Remember Howard's warlike thrust;
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Come ! 't is the red dawn of the day,
Maryland !

Come ! with thy panoplied array,
 Maryland !
 With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
 With Watson's blood, at Monterey,
 With fearless Lowe, and dashing May,
 Maryland ! My Maryland !

Come ! for thy shield is bright and strong,
 Maryland !

Come ! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
 Maryland !

Come ! to thine own heroic throng,
 That stalks with Liberty along,
 And give a new Key to thy song,¹
 Maryland ! My Maryland !

Dear Mother ! burst the tyrant's chain,
 Maryland !

Virginia should not call in vain,
 Maryland !

She meets her sisters on the plain :
Sic semper, 't is the proud refrain,
 That baffles minions back amain,
 Maryland !

Arise in majesty again,
 Maryland ! My Maryland !

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
 Maryland !

But thou wast ever bravely meek,
 Maryland !

¹ "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written during the war of 1812 by Francis Key of Maryland.

But lo ! there surges forth a shriek
 From hill to hill, from creek to creek, —
 Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
 Maryland ! My Maryland !

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
 Maryland !

Thou wilt not crook to his control,
 Maryland !

Better the fire upon thee roll,
 Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
 Than crucifixion of the soul,
 Maryland ! My Maryland !

I hear the distant thunder hum,
 Maryland !

The Old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
 Maryland !

She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb :
 Huzza ! she spurns the Northern scum !
 She breathes,—she burns ! she'll come ! she'll come !
 Maryland ! My Maryland !

James R. Randall.

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE.

YOU brave heroic minds,
 Worthy your country's name,
 That honor still pursue,
 Whilst loitering hinds
 Lurk here at home, with shame.
 Go and subdue.

Britons, you stay too long,
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretched sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep,
Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,
When Eolus scowls,
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice,
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise.

Where nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
And the fruitful'st soil,
Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,

The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

To whose, the golden age
Still nature's laws doth give,
No other cares attend,
But them to defend
From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flows,
The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand;

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)
O you the happiest men,
Be frolic then,
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven;

And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth,
As those from whom we came,
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our north;

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere,

Apollo's sacred tree,
You it may see,
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy voyages attend,
Industrious Hackluit,
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after-times thy wit.

Michael Drayton.

WASHINGTON.

VIRGINIA gave us this imperial man
Cast in the massive mould
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran ;
She gave us this unblemished gentleman :
What shall we give her back but love and praise
As in the dear old unestrangèd days
Before the inevitable wrong began ?
Mother of States and undiminished men,
Thou gavest us a country, giving him,
And we owe alway what we owed thee then :
The boon thou wouldest have snatched from us again
Shines as before with no abatement dim.
A great man's memory is the only thing
With influence to outlast the present whim
And bind us as when here he knit our golden ring.
All of him that was subject to the hours

Lies in thy soil and makes it part of ours :
 Across more recent graves,
 Where unresentful Nature waves
 Her pennons o'er the shot-ploughed sod,
 Proclaiming the sweet Truce of God,
 We from this consecrated plain stretch out
 Our hands as free from afterthought or doubt
 As here the united North
 Poured her embrownèd manhood forth
 In welcome of our savior and thy son.
 Through battle we have better learned thy worth,
 The long-breathed valor and undaunted will,
 Which, like his own, the day's disaster done,
 Could, safe in manhood, suffer and be still.
 Both thine and ours the victory hardly won ;
 If ever with distempered voice or pen
 We have misdeemed thee, here we take it back,
 And for the dead of both don common black.
 Be to us evermore as thou wast then,
 As we forget thou hast not always been,
 Mother of States and unpolluted men,
 Virginia, fitly named from England's manly queen !

James Russell Lowell.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

OUTSIDE my exile's home I watch the sway
 Of the bowed pine-tops in the gloaming gray,
 Casting across the melancholy lea
 A tint of browner blight ;
 Outside my exile's home, borne to and fro,

I hear the inarticulate murmurs flow
Of the faint wind-tides breathing like a sea ;
When, in clear vision, softly dawns on me
(As if in contrast with yon slow decay)
The loveliest land that smiles beneath the sky,
The coast-land of our Western Italy :
I view the waters quivering ; quaff the breeze,
Whose briny raciness keeps an under taste
Of flavorous tropic sweets (perchance swept home
Across the flickering waste
Of summer waves, capped by the Ariel foam)
From Cuba's perfumed groves and garden spiceries !

Along the horizon-line a vapor swims,
Pale rose and amethyst, melting into gold ;
Up to our feet the fawning ripples rolled,
Glimmer an instant, tremble, lapse, and — die :
The whole rare scene, its every element
Etherealized, transmuted, subtly blent
By viewless alchemy,
Into the glory of a golden mood,
Brings potent exaltations, while I walk
(A joyful youth again)
The snow-white beaches by the Atlantic Main !

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

GEORGIA.

1.

THE VOICE IN THE PINES.

THE morn is softly beautiful and still,
 Its light fair clouds in pencilled gold and gray
 Pause motionless above the pine-grown hill,
 Where the pines, tranced as by a wizard's will,
 Uprise, as mute and motionless as they !

Yea ! mute and moveless ; not one flickering spray
 Flashed into sunlight, nor a gaunt bough stirred ;
 Yet, if wooed hence beneath those pines to stray,
 We catch a faint, thin murmur far away,
 A bodiless voice, by grosser ears unheard.

What voice is this ? what low and solemn tone,
 Which, though all wings of all the winds seem
 furled,
 Nor even the zephyr's fairy flute is blown,
 Makes thus forever its mysterious moan
 From out the whispering pine-tops' shadowy world ?

Ah ! can it be the antique tales are true ?
 Doth some lone Dryad haunt the breezeless air,
 Fronting yon bright illimitable blue,
 And wildly breathing all her wild soul through
 That strange, unearthly music of despair ?

Or can it be that ages since, storm-tossed,
 And driven far inland from the roaring lea,

Some baffled ocean-spirit, worn and lost,
Here, through dry summer's dearth and winter's frost,
Yearns for the sharp, sweet kisses of the sea?

Whate'er the spell, I hearken and am dumb,
Dream-touched, and musing in the tranquil morn;
All woodland sounds, — the pheasant's gusty drum,
The mock-bird's fugue, the droning insect's hum, —
Scarce heard for that strange, sorrowful voice for-
lorn!

Beneath the drowséd sense, from deep to deep
Of spiritual life its mournful minor flows,
Stream-like, with pensive tide, whose currents keep
Low-murmuring 'twixt the bounds of grief and sleep,
Yet looked for aye from sleep's divine repose.

II.

ASPECTS OF THE PINES.

TALL, sombre, grim, against the morning sky
They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs
Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noon-tide's tranquil beams,
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,

And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes, — the solemn joy and might
Borne from the west when cloudless day declines, —
Low, flute-like breezes sweep the waves of light,
And lifting dark green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous, — gently float,
Fraught with hale odors up the heavens afar
To faint when Twilight on her virginal throat
Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

III.

FOREST PICTURES.—MORNING.

O GRACIOUS breath of sunrise! divine air!
That brood'st serenely o'er the purpling hills;
O blissful valleys ! nestling, cool and fair,
In the fond arms of yonder murmurous rills,
Breathing their grateful measures to the sun;
O dew-besprinkled paths, that circling run
Through sylvan shades and solemn silences,
Once more ye bring my fevered spirit peace !

The fitful breezes, fraught with forest balm,
Faint, in rare wafts of perfume, on my brow ;
The woven lights and shadows, rife with calm,
Creep slantwise 'twixt the foliage, bough on bough
Uplifted heavenward, like a verdant cloud
Whose rain is music, soft as love, or loud

With jubilant hope,—for there, entranced, apart,
The mock-bird sings, close, close to Nature's heart.

Shy forms about the greenery, out and in,
Flit 'neath the broadening glories of the morn;
The squirrel—that quaint sylvan harlequin—
Mounts the tall trunks; while swift as lightning,
born

Of summer mists, from tangled vine and tree
Dart the dove's pinions, pulsing vividly
Down the dense glades, till glimmering far and gray
The dusky vision softly melts away!

In transient, pleased bewilderment, I mark
The last dim shimmer of those lessening wings,
When from lone copse and shadowy covert, hark!
What mellow tongue through all the woodland rings!
The deer-hound's voice, sweet as the golden bell's,
Prolonged by flying echoes round the dells,
And up the loftiest summits wildly borne,
Blent with the blast of some keen huntsman's horn.

And now the checkered vale is left behind;
I climb the slope, and reach the hill-top bright;
Here, in bold freedom, swells a sovereign wind,
Whose gusty prowess sweeps the pine-clad height;
While the pines,—dreamy Titans roused from sleep,—
Answer with mighty voices, deep on deep
Of wakened foliage surging like a sea;
And o'er them smiles Heaven's calm infinity!

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

FLORIDA.

WHERE Pablo to the broad St. John
 His dark and briny tribute pays,
The wild deer leads her dappled fawn,
 Of graceful limb and timid gaze ;
Rich sunshine falls on wave and land,
 The gull is screaming overhead,
And on a beach of whitened sand
 Lie wreathy shells with lips of red.

The jessamine hangs golden flowers
 On ancient oaks in moss arrayed,
And proudly the palmetto towers,
 While mock-birds warble in the shade ;
Mounds, built by mortal hand, are near,
 Green from the summit to the base,
Where, buried with the bow and spear,
 Rest tribes, forgetful of the chase.

Cassada, nigh the ocean shore,
 Is now a ruin, wild and lone,
And on her battlements no more
 Is banner waved or trumpet blown ;
Those doughty cavaliers are gone
 Who hurled defiance there to France,
While the bright waters of St. John
 Reflected flash of sword and lance.

But when the light of dying day
 Falls on the crumbling wrecks of time,

And the wan features of decay
 Wear softened beauty, like the clime,
 My fancy summons from the shroud
 The knights of old Castile again,
 And charging thousands shout aloud,—
 “St. Jago strikes to-day for Spain!”

When mystic voices, on the breeze
 That fans the rolling deep, sweep by,
 The spirits of the Yemassee,
 Who ruled the land of yore, seem nigh;
 For mournful marks, around where stood
 Their palm-roofed lodges, yet are seen,
 And in the shadows of the wood
 Their tall, funereal mounds are green.

William Henry Cuyler Hosmer.

“I WAS A STRANGER, AND YE TOOK ME IN.”

’NEATH skies that winter never knew
 The air was full of light and balm,
 And warm and soft the Gulf wind blew
 Through orange bloom and groves of palm.

A stranger from the frozen North,
 Who sought the fount of health in vain,
 Sank homeless on the alien earth,
 And breathed the languid air with pain.

God’s angel came! The tender shade
 Of pity made her blue eye dim;
 Against her woman’s breast she laid
 The drooping, fainting head of him.

She bore him to a pleasant room,
 Flower-sweet and cool with salt sea air,
 And watched beside his bed, for whom
 His far-off sisters might not care.

She fanned his feverish brow and smoothed
 Its lines of pain with tenderest touch.
 With holy hymn and prayer she soothed
 The trembling soul that feared so much
 Through her the peace that passeth sight
 Came to him, as he lapsed away
 As one whose troubled dreams of night
 Slide slowly into tranquil day.

The sweetness of the Land of Flowers
 Upon his lonely grave she laid :
 The jasmine dropped its golden showers,
 The orange lent its bloom and shade.
 And something whispered in her thought,
 More sweet than mortal voices be :
 “The service thou for him hast wrought,
 O daughter ! hath been done for me.”

John Greenleaf Whittier.

ALABAMA.

B
RUISED and bleeding, pale and weary,
 Onward to the South and West,
 Through dark woods and deserts dreary,
 By relentless foemen pressed,
 Came a tribe where evening, darkling,
 Flushed a mighty river's breast ;

And they cried, their faint eyes sparkling,
 "Alabama! Here we rest!"

By the stern steam-demon hurried,
 Far from home and scenes so blest;
 By the gloomy care-dogs worried,
 Sleepless, houseless, and distressed,
 Days and nights beheld me hieing
 Like a bird without a nest,
 Till I hailed thy waters, crying,
 "Alabama! Here I rest!"

Oh! when life's last sun is blinking
 In the pale and darksome West,
 And my weary frame is sinking,
 With its cares and woes oppressed,
 May I, as I drop the burden
 From my sick and fainting breast,
 Cry, beside the swelling Jordan,
 "Alabama! Here I rest!"

Charles Timothy Brooks.

LOUISIANA.

THE STRANGER IN LOUISIANA.

"AN early traveller mentions people on the banks of the Mississippi who burst into tears at the sight of a stranger. The reason of this is, that they fancy their deceased friends and relations to be only gone on a journey, and, being in constant expectation of their return, look for them vainly amongst these foreign travellers." — PICART'S *Ceremonies and Religious Customs*.

We saw thee, O stranger! and wept.
 We looked for the youth of the sunny glance
 Whose step was the fleetest in chase or dance;

The light of his eye was a joy to see,
 The path of his arrows a storm to flee.
 But there came a voice from a distant shore,—
 He was called,—he is found midst his tribe no more:
 He is not in his place when the night-fires burn,
 But we look for him still,—he will yet return!
 His brother sat with a drooping brow
 In the gloom of the shadowing cypress bough:
 We roused him,—we bade him no longer pine,
 For we heard a step,—but the step was thine!

We saw thee, O stranger! and wept.
 We looked for the maid of the mournful song,—
 Mournful, though sweet,—she hath left us long:
 We told her the youth of her love was gone,
 And she went forth to seek him,—she passed alone.
 We hear not her voice when the woods are still,
 From the bower where it sang, like a silvery rill.
 The joy of her sire with her smile is fled,
 The winter is white on his lonely head:
 He hath none by his side when the wilds we track,
 He hath none when we rest,—yet she comes not back!
 We looked for her eye on the feast to shine,
 For her breezy step,—but the step was thine!

We saw thee, O stranger! and wept.
 We looked for the chief, who hath left the spear
 And the bow of his battles forgotten here:
 We looked for the hunter, whose bride's lament
 On the wind of the forest at eve is sent:
 We looked for the first-born, whose mother's cry
 Sounds wild and shrill through the midnight sky!—

Where are they? Thou 'rt seeking some distant coast:
 O, ask of them, stranger!—send back the lost!
 Tell them we mourn by the dark-blue streams,
 Tell them our lives but of them are dreams!
 Tell, how we sat in the gloom to pine,
 And to watch for a step,—but the step was thine!

Felicia Hemans.

TEXAS.

THE VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND.

UP the hillside, down the glen,
 Rouse the sleeping citizen;
 Summon out the might of men!

Like a lion growling low,—
 Like a night-storm rising slow,—
 Like the tread of unseen foe,—

It is coming,—it is nigh!
 Stand your homes and altars by;
 On your own free thresholds die.

Clang the bells in all your spires;
 On the gray hills of your sires
 Fling to heaven your signal-fires.

From Wachusett, lone and bleak,
 Unto Berkshire's tallest peak,
 Let the flame-tongued heralds speak.

Oh, for God and duty stand,
 Heart to heart and hand to hand,
 Round the old graves of the land.

Whoso shrinks or falters now,
 Whoso to the yoke would bow,
 Brand the craven on his brow !

Freedom's soil hath only place
 For a free and fearless race,—
 None for traitors false and base.

Perish party,—perish clan ;
 Strike together while ye can,
 Like the arm of one strong man.

Like that angel's voice sublime,
 Heard above a world of crime,
 Crying of the end of time,—

With one heart and with one mouth,
 Let the North unto the South
 Speak the word befitting both :

“ What though Issachar be strong !
 Ye may load his back with wrong
 Overmuch and over long ;

“ Patience with her cup o'errun,
 With her weary thread outspun,
 Murmurs that her work is done.

“ Make our Union-bond a chain,
 Weak as tow in Freedom's strain
 Link by link shall snap in twain.

“ Vainly shall your sand-wrought rope
 Bind the starry cluster up,
 Shattered over heaven's blue cope !

“ Give us bright though broken rays,
Rather than eternal haze,
Clouding o'er the full-orbed blaze.

“ Take your land of sun and bloom ;
Only leave to Freedom room
For her plough and forge and loom ;

“ Take your slavery-blackened vales ;
Leave us but our own free gales,
Blowing on our thousand sails.

“ Boldly, or with treacherous art,
Strike the blood-wrought chain apart ;
Break the Union’s mighty heart ;

“ Work the ruin, if ye will ;
Pluck upon your heads an ill
Which shall grow and deepen still.

“ With your bondman’s right arm bare,
With his heart of black despair,
Stand alone, if stand ye dare !

“ Onward with your fell design ;
Dig the gulf and draw the line :
Fire beneath your feet the mine :

“ Deeply, when the wide abyss
Yawns between your land and this,
Shall ye feel your helplessness.

“ By the hearth, and in the bed
Shaken by a look or tread,
Ye shall own a guilty dread.

“And the curse of unpaid toil,
Downward through your generous soil
Like a fire shall burn and spoil.

“Our bleak hills shall bud and blow,
Vines our rocks shall overgrow,
Plenty in our valleys flow ; —

“ And when vengeance clouds your skies,
Hither shall ye turn your eyes,
As the lost on Paradise !

“ We but ask our rocky strand,
Freedom’s true and brother band,
Freedom’s strong and honest hand, —

“ Valleys by the slave untrod,
And the Pilgrim’s mountain sod,
Blessed of our fathers’ God ! ”

John Greenleaf Whittier.

SONG OF TEXAS.

MAKE room on our banner bright
That flaps in the lifting gale,
For the orb that lit the fight
In Jacinto’s storied vale.
Through clouds, all dark of hue,
It arose with radiant face ;
Oh, grant to a sister true,
Ye stars, in your train a place !

The blood of the Saxon flows
In the veins of men who cry,—
“Give ear, give ear unto those
Who pine for their native sky !
We call on our motherland
For a home in Freedom’s hall,—
While stretching forth the hand,
Oh, build no dividing wall !

“The Mexican vaunteth no more;
In strife we have tamed his pride;
The coward raps not at your door,
Speak out ! shall it open wide ?
Oh, the wish of our hearts is strong,
That the star of Jacinto’s fight
Have place in the flashing throng
That spangle your banner bright.”

William Henry Cuyler Hosmer.



SOUTHERN STATES.

Alleghany Mountains, Ga.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS IN GEORGIA.

YE glorious Alleghanies ! from this height
I see your peaks on every side arise ;
Their summits roll beneath the giddy sight,
Like ocean billows heaved among the skies.
In wild magnificence upon them lies
The primal forest, kindling in the glow
Of this mild autumn sun with golden dyes,
While, in his slanting ray, their shadows grow
Broad o'er the paradise of vale and wood below.

How beautiful ! though, fresh from Nature's God,
They show no footstep of an elder race ;
No human hand has ever turned their sod,
Or heaved their massive granite from its place :
The green banks of their floods bear not a trace
Of pomp and power, which have come and gone,
And left their crumbling ruins to deface

The virgin earth. Here Nature rules alone;
The beauty of the hill and valley is her own.

Nor might the future generations know
Aught of the simple people, who have made
Their habitations by the streams that flow
So fresh and stainless from the forest shade;
Who built their council fires on hill and glade,
And in yon pleasant valleys, by the fall
Of crystal founts, perchance, their dead have laid,—
But for the names of mountain, river, cataract,—all
Significant of thought, and sweetly musical.

* * *

Henry R. Jackson.

Arlington, Va.

ARLINGTON.

THE tents that whitened Arlington have vanished
from the fields,
And plenty where the cannon stood a golden harvest
yields;
The campfires gleam no more at night, and pleasant
mornings come,
Without the blare of bugles or the beating of the drum.
The rushes by the riverside thrill with the reed-birds'
song,
And bend to kiss the ripples as the waters flow along;

The robins stray beneath the oaks, the partridge calls
its brood,
And whistles down the valleys with a confidence re-
newed.

All through the widening rifle-pits the grass is growing
green,

And autumn wild-flowers blossom where the bivouacs
have been;

The days seem like a sunny dream, and night falls
gently down

In silence, broken only by the murmur from the town.

But though the camps have vanished and the tents are
laid away,

An army waits upon the knolls in undisturbed array,—
A legion without banners, that knows no music save
The wailing of the dead-march and a volley o'er the
grave.

Here comrades that together strove, with all of life
at stake,

Lie side by side, in slumber that no bugle-call can
break;

No shock can ever break their ranks, no blast their
columns thin,

Nor one deserter leave the corps their grim Chief
musters in.

Spring twines its garlands o'er their heads, but they
never pull its flowers,

And peaceful winter evenings bring to them no happy
hours.

Tears fall at home ; they heed them not, and care no more to earn
 The love that waited patiently to welcome their return.
 Alas ! what dreams of life and love have ended in these grounds !
 How many hopes are buried in these little grassy mounds !
 How many hearts have felt the pang the lips could never tell,
 And broken, striving to believe " He doeth all things well ! "

'T is sweet to think the war is o'er ; that all its bitter pain
 Was measured for our chastening and not endured in vain ;
 And dearer still it is to know that in the coming years
 A nation's happiness will bless our offerings and our tears.

* * * * *
S. M. Carpenter.

Ashley, the River, S. C.

MAGNOLIA GARDEN.

YES, found at last,—the earthly Paradise !
 Here by slow currents of the silvery stream
 It smiles, a shining wonder, a fair dream,
 A matchless miracle to mortal eyes :

What whorls of dazzling color flash and rise
From rich azalean flowers, whose petals teem
With such harmonious tints as brightly gleam
In sunset rainbows arched o'er perfect skies !
But see ! beyond those blended blooms of fire,
Vast tier on tier, the lordly foliage tower
Which crowns the centuried oaks' broad-crested calm :
Thus on bold Beauty falls the shade of Power ;
Yet Beauty, still unquelled, fulfils desire,
Unfolds her blossoms, and outbreathes her balm !

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

Atchafalaya, the Lakes, La.

ATCHAFALAYA.

BEFORE them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty,
the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia
blossoms,
And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan
islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming
hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to
slumber.

Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.

Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,

Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,

Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.

Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and
a sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly
written.

Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and
restless,

Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of
sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the
island,

But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of pal-
mettos,

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed
in the willows,

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen,
were the sleepers,

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumber-
ing maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on
the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in
the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the
maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felic-
ian !

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel
wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition ?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my
spirit ?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy !

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."

But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,—

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

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Baltimore, Md.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

WRITTEN while the author was a prisoner on board the British fleet, on the morning after the unsuccessful bombardment of Fort McHenry.

O H, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming ;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming ?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there ;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave ?
On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam ;
Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream ;
'T is the star-spangled banner, oh ! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,

A home and a country they 'd leave us no more?
 Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh ! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
 Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
 Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Francis Scott Key.



Bayou Plaquemine, La.

BAYOU PLAQUEMINE.

ONWARD o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
 Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
 Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands,
where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept
with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-
bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of
their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of peli-
cans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the
river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and
dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns per-
petual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange
and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the east-
ward.
They, too, swerved from their course ; and, entering the
Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every
direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs
of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient
cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken; save by
the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at
sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac
laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed
on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining
the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through
chinks in a ruin.

* * *

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one
of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a
blast on his bugle.
Wide through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy
the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the
forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred
to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant
branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the dark-
ness;
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain
was the silence.

Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through
the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-
songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night were heard the mysterious
sounds of the desert,
Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the
grim alligator.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



Beaufort, S. C.

THE FISHERMAN OF BEAUFORT.

THE tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
And still the fisherman's boat,
At early dawn and at evening shade,
Is ever and ever afloat:
His net goes down, and his net comes up,
And we hear his song of glee;
“De fishes dey hates de ole slave nets,
But comes to de nets ob de free.”

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
And the oysterman below
Is picking away, in the slimy sands,
In the sands “ob de long ago.”

But now if an empty hand he bears,
 He shudders no more with fear;
 There's no stretching-board-for the aching bones,
 And no lash of the overseer.

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
 And ever I hear a song,
 As the moaning winds through the moss-hung oaks
 Sweep surging ever along.
 "O massa white man! help de slave,
 And de wife and chillen too;
 Eber dey 'll work, wid de hard worn hand,
 Ef ell gib 'em de work to do."

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
 But it bides no tyrant's word,
 As it chants unceasing the anthem grand
 Of its Freedom to the Lord.

The fisherman floating on its breast
 Has caught up the keynote true:
 "De sea works; massa, for 't sef and God,
 And so must de brack man too.

"Den gib him de work, and gib him de pay,
 For de chillen an' wife him love,
 And de yam shall grow, and de cotton shall blow,
 And him nebber, nebber rove;
 For him love de ole Carlina State,
 And de ole magnolia tree;
 Oh, nebber him trouble de icy Norf,
 Ef de brack folks am go free."

Frances D. Gage.

Bethel, Va.

BETHEL.

WE mustered at midnight, in darkness we formed,
And the whisper went round of a fort to be
stormed;
But no drum-beat had called us, no trumpet we heard,
And no voice of command, but our Colonel's low
word,—
“Column ! Forward !”

And out, through the mist and the murk of the morn,
From the beaches of Hampton our barges were borne ;
And we heard not a sound, save the sweep of the
oar,
Till the word of our Colonel came up from the shore,—
“Column ! Forward !”

With hearts bounding bravely, and eyes all alight,
As ye dance to soft music, so trod we that night ;
Through the aisles of the greenwood, with vines over-
arched,
Tossing dew-drops, like gems, from our feet, as we
marched,—
“Column ! Forward !”

As ye dance with the damsels, to viol and flute,
So we skipped from the shadows, and mocked their
pursuit;

But the soft zephyrs chased us, with scents of the morn,

As we passed by the hay-fields and green waving corn, —

“Column ! Forward !”

For the leaves were all laden with fragrance of June,
And the flowers and the foliage with sweets were in tune ;

And the air was so calm, and the forest so dumb,
That we heard our own heart-beats, like taps of a drum, —

“Column ! Forward !”

Till the lull of the lowlands was stirred by a breeze,
And the buskins of Morn brushed the tops of the trees,

And the glintings of glory that slid from her track
By the sheen of our rifles were gayly flung back, —

“Column ! Forward !”

And the woodlands grew purple with sunshiny mist,
And the blue-crested hill-tops with rose-light were kissed,

And the earth gave her prayers to the sun in perfumes,

Till we marched as through gardens, and trampled on blossoms, —

“Column ! Forward !”

Ay ! trampled on blossoms, and seared the sweet breath
Of the greenwood with low-brooding vapors of death;

O'er the flowers and the corn we were borne like a
blast,

And away to the fore-front of battle we passed,—
“Column ! Forward !”

For the cannon's hoarse thunder roared out from the
glades,

And the sun was like lightning on banners and blades,
When the long line of chanting Zouaves, like a flood,
From the green of the woodlands rolled, crimson as
blood,—

“Column ! Forward !”

While the sound of their song, like the surge of the
seas,

With the “Star-Spangled Banner” swelled over the
leas;

And the sword of Duryea, like a torch, led the way,
Bearing down on the batteries of Bethel that day,—

• “Column ! Forward !”

Through green-tasselled cornfields our columns were
thrown,

And like corn by the red scythe of fire we were
mown;

While the cannon's fierce ploughings new-furrowed the
plain,

That our blood might be planted for Liberty's grain,—
“Column ! Forward !”

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Augustine Joseph Hickey Duganne.

Blue Ridge, Va.

A GROUP OF SONNETS.

I.

HERE let me pause by the lone eagle's nest,
And breathe the golden sunlight and sweet air,
Which gird and gladden all this region fair
With a perpetual benison of rest;
Like a grand purpose that some god hath blest,
The immemorial mountain seems to rise,
Yearning to overtop diviner skies,
Though monarch of the pomps of East and West;
And pondering here, the Genius of the height
Quickens my soul as if an angel spake,
And I can feel old chains of custom break,
And old ambitions start to win the light;
A calm resolve born with them, in whose might
I thank thee, Heaven ! that noble thoughts awake.

II.

THE rainbows of the heaven are not more rare,
More various and more beautiful to view,
Than these rich forest rainbows, dipped in dew
Of morn and evening, glimmering everywhere
From wooded dell to dark blue mountain mere;
O Autumn ! marvellous painter ! every hue
Of thy immortal pencil is steeped through

With essence of divinity; how bare
Beside thy coloring the poor shows of Art,
Though Art were thrice inspired; in dreams alone
(The loftiest dreams wherein the soul takes part)
Of jasper pavements, and the sapphire throne
Of Heaven, hath such unearthly brightness shone
To flush, and thrill the visionary heart!

III.

HERE, friend! upon this lofty ledge sit down,
And view the beauteous prospect spread below,
Around, above us; in the noonday glow
How calm the landscape rests! — yon distant town,
Enwreathed with clouds of foliage like a crown
Of rustic honor; the soft, silvery flow
Of the clear stream beyond it, and the show
Of endless wooded heights, circling the brown
Autumnal fields, alive with billowy grain; —
Say, hast thou ever gazed on aught more fair
In Europe, or the Orient? — what domain
(From India to the sunny slopes of Spain)
Hath beauty, wed to grandeur in the air,
Blessed with an ampler charm, a more benignant
reign?

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

A BIT OF AUTUMN COLOR.

CENTRED upon a sloping crest, I gazed
 As one enchanted. The horizon's ring
 Of billowy mountains flushed with sunsetting,
 Islanded me about, and held me mazed,
 With beauty saturate. Never color blazed
 On any mortal palette that could fling
 Such golden glamour over everything,
 As flashed from Autumn's prism, till all was hazed
 With opal, amber, emerald, amethyst,
 That shimmered, mingled, dusked to steely blue.
 Raptured, I mused: "Salvator never drew
 A brush so loaded: Turner's genius missed
 Such culmination: yet we count them true
 Masters. Behold what God's one touch can do!"

Margaret Junkin Preston.

Brandon, Va.

THE WINDOW-PANES AT BRANDON.

UPON the window-panes at Brandon, on James River, are inscribed the names, cut with a diamond, of many of those who have composed the Christmas and May parties of that hospitable mansion in years gone by.

AS within the old mansion the holiday throng re-assembles in beauty and grace,
 And some eye looking out of the window, by chance,
 these memorial records may trace,—

How the past, like a swift-coming haze from the sea,
 in an instant, surrounds us once more,
 While the shadowy figures of those we have loved, all
 distinctly are seen on the shore !

Through the vista of years, stretching dimly away, we
 but look, and a vision behold, —
 Like some magical picture the sunset reveals with its
 colors of crimson and gold, —
 All suffused with the glow of the hearth's ruddy blaze,
 from beneath the gay mistletoe bough,
 There are faces that break into smiles as divinely as
 any that beam on us now.

While the Old Year departing strides ghost-like along
 o'er the hills that are dark with the storm,
 To the New the brave beaker is filled to the brim, and
 the play of affection is warm:
 Look once more, — as the garlanded Spring reappears,
 in her footsteps we welcome a train
 Of fair women, whose eyes are as bright as the gem
 that has cut their dear names on the pane.

From the canvas of Vandyke and Kneller that hangs
 on the old-fashioned wainscoted wall,
 Stately ladies, the favored of poets, look down on the
 guests and the revel and all;
 But their beauty, though wedded to eloquent verse, and
 though rendered immortal by Art,
 Yet outshines not the beauty that breathing below, in
 a moment takes captive the heart.

Many winters have since frosted over these panes with
the tracery-work of the rime,

Many Aprils have brought back the birds to the lawn
from some far-away tropical clime, —

But the guests of the season, alas! where are they?

Some the shores of the stranger have trod,
And some names have been long ago carved on the
stone, where they sweetly rest under the sod.

How uncertain the record! the hand of a child, in its
innocent sport, unawares,

May, at any time, lucklessly shatter the pane, and thus
cancel the story it bears:

Still a portion, at least, shall uninjured remain, — unto
trustier tablets consigned, —

The fond names that survive in the memory of friends
who yet linger a season behind.

Recollect, O young soul, with ambition inspired! —
let the moral be read as we pass, —

Recollect the illusory tablets of fame have been ever as
brittle as glass:

Oh, then, be not content with the name there inscribed, —
for as well may you trace it in dust, —

But resolve to record it where long it shall stand, in
the hearts of the good and the just!

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John R. Thompson.

Catawba, the River, N. C.

THE CATAWBA RIVER.

CROWNING the distance pure, the mountains lie,
Now full of glory in the rising morn :
In these cool summits basking in the sky
Like shining clouds, O river ! thou art born ;
And frost is busy in the dell
From which thy feeble waters well.

But let me roll away this winter dress,
And hush the madness of the driving air,
And show thee in thy summer loveliness,
When happy breezes rove about thee there ;
For Fancy shivers — now to seek
Thy birthplace in the snow-clad peak.

A rocky palace in eternal shade,
All wildly roofed with tufts of brightest green,
With sweetest moss, and gleaming flowers inlaid, —
Its grim and native terror all unseen, —
Rises, within the forest, high ;
A veil of leaves its only sky.

And at its foot still tenderer is the moss :
The flowers creep down in huddling ranks around,
And fairy odors all about they toss ;
Cradling in beauty thus that faintest sound
Thy gurgling voice all softly makes,
When first the darkness it forsakes.

Oh, in that nest woven with gentle hues
 Thy trembling life all feebly is begun ; —
 Child of the sunny showers and nightly dews !

From such a home thy devious race thou 'lt run :
 Like all things else upon the earth,
 The purest at thy place of birth.

* * *

And soon thou art a lovely brook, revealing
 Within thy broader depths a leafy bower ;
 With over thee the matchless odors stealing
 From damask and the gold azalea's flower ;
 While white and purple lilies seem
 Over their images to dream.

The silent deer about thee come to drink,
 Where'er the mossy sward slopes from the hills :
 And through the steeper banks thy waters sink,
 To embrace in gloom the tributary rills
 That die for joy to reach the home
 Whither they 've spent their life to come.

In thy rich fringe that casts unbroken shade
 The breeze is lost, and cannot come to play
 On thy pure bosom whither it had strayed ;
 And mid the rustling reeds it sighs away :
 But thou, beneath that sadder voice,
 Makest thine own the more rejoice.

From this thy darkest, calmest home of all,
 At length thou leapest to the open sight,
 Still where the shadows of the mountains fall :
 Athwart whose sombre sides, like fluttering light,

The crimson birds, and birds of blue,
Do glance the solemn verdure through.

'Tis there thou seest first the azure sky,—
A greater grandeur than aught yet to thee :
There first thou lookest to the mountains high,—
The gorgeous land of thy sweet infancy :
Yet nothing loath to move along ;
In thy new freedom proud and strong.

And, curving round the brown and rocky steeps,
Thou hurriest to the sweetly opening dale ;
There first above thee, too, the willow weeps,
And there thy wavelets rise to greet the gale,
And thither, to some grassy cove,
The sturdy water-birds will rove.

Through fruitful valleys next thou wilt resound ;
There all about thee fair plantations sleep,
Pent in by sober forests all around,
Alive with feeding herds and snowy sheep ;
And living voices cheerly ring
To thee a human welcoming.

Such art thou here, — now quiet in the woods,
And now in rapids roaring to the fields ;
Now curling round the rocks in hissing floods,
And now the lowland smoother passage yields :
A river proud and turbulent,
In many a curve and angle bent.

* * *

And on for many a mile, such art thou still ;
Only with sister rivers greater grown :

Urging thy passage with unerring skill,
 To make the home of waters, too, thine own ;
 And ever with a rapture tost,
 To be in its deep bosom lost.

Thy course is calmer far in yonder land —
 Where dismal woods and dark morasses be ;
 Where not a pebble rolls upon thy strand,
 And earth is level as the waveless sea ;
 Where hangs the graceful jessamine
 In wreaths of gold, the woods within.

There, in the gloomy swamps the black pools lie,
 Studded with ranks of feathery cypress-trees ;
 Which thither wading from the cheerful sky,
 And from the uneasy presence of the breeze,
 Seem pillars to the halls of Death ;
 Where never stirs a living breath.

And in the shining pond each cone-like base
 Seems resting on its image from below ; —
 The slim trunks shooting toward heaven's brighter face,
 Whose other selves down into darkness go :
 And all is, like a picture, still ; —
 Fixed thus, beneath the Master's will.

There, too, the forest roof is hung in gray,
 The dusky emblem of a mourning land ;
 With long moss trailing down from every spray ; —
 Like funeral weeds sent from the Maker's hand
 To mark the terror of the place,
 And warn our all too venturesome race.

Through such a land, O river! dost thou roll,
 The ocean's sandy shores at length to lave:
 Thy arrowy force, beneath the vast control
 Put back subdued, subsides into its grave.
 There wilt thou take unquiet rest,
 Diffused throughout thy mother's breast.

* * *

John Steinfort Kidney.

Chancellorsville, Va.

THE WOOD OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

THE ripe red berries of the wintergreen
 Lure me to pause awhile
 In this deep, tangled wood. I stop and lean
 Down where these wild-flowers smile,
 And rest me in this shade; for many a mile,
 Through lane and dusty street,
 I've walked with weary, weary feet,
 And now I tarry mid this woodland scene,
 'Mong ferns and mosses sweet.

Here all around me blows
 The pale primrose.
 I wonder if the gentle blossom knows
 The feeling at my heart,—the solemn grief,
 So whelming and so deep
 That it despairs relief,
 And will not let me weep.

I wonder that the woodbine thrives and grows,
And is indifferent to the nation's woes.
For while these mornings shine, these blossoms bloom,
Impious rebellion wraps the land in gloom.

Nature, thou art unkind,
Unsympathizing, blind !
Yon lichen, clinging to the o'erhanging rock,
Is happy, and each blade of grass
O'er which unconsciously I pass
Smiles in my face, and seems to mock
Me with its joy. Alas ! I cannot find
One charm in bounteous Nature, while the wind
That blows upon my cheek bears on each gust
The groans of my poor country, bleeding in the dust.

The air is musical with notes
That gush from wingéd warblers' throats,
And in the leafy trees
I hear the drowsy hum of bees.
Prone from the blinding sky
Dance rainbow-tinted sunbeams, thick with motes ;
Daisies are shining, and the butterfly
Wavers from flower to flower ;— yet in this wood
The ruthless foeman stood,
And every turf is drenched with human blood !

* * *

Delia R. German.

Charleston, S. C.

CHARLESTON.

CALM as that second summer which precedes
The first fall of the snow,
In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds,
The city bides the foe.

As yet, behind their ramparts, stern and proud,
Her bolted thunders sleep,—
Dark Sumter, like a battlemented cloud,
Looms o'er the solemn deep.

No Calpe frowns from lofty cliff or scaur
To guard the holy strand ;
But Moultrie holds in leash her dogs of war,
Above the level sand.

And down the dunes a thousand guns lie couched,
Unseen, beside the flood,—
Like tigers in some Orient jungle crouched,
That wait and watch for blood.

Meanwhile, through streets still echoing with trade,
Walk grave and thoughtful men,
Whose hands may one day wield the patriot's blade
As lightly as the pen.

And maidens, with such eyes as would grow dim
Over a bleeding hound,

Seem each one to have caught the strength of him
Whose sword she sadly bound.

Thus girt without and garrisoned at home,
Day patient following day,
Old Charleston looks from roof and spire and dome,
Across her tranquil bay.

Ships, through a hundred foes, from Saxon lands
And spicy Indian ports,
Bring Saxon steel and iron to her hands,
And summer to her courts.

But still, along yon dim Atlantic line,
The only hostile smoke
Creeps like a harmless mist above the brine,
From some frail, floating oak.

Shall the spring dawn, and she, still clad in smiles,
And with an unscathed brow,
Rest in the strong arms of her palm-crowned isles,
As fair and free as now?

We know not; in the temple of the Fates
God has inscribed her doom:
And, all untroubled in her faith, she waits
The triumph or the tomb.

Henry Timrod.

MAGNOLIA CEMETERY.

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves,—
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause !
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause,

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone !

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold ! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes ! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies !
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned !

Henry Timrod.

Charlestown, Va.

BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.

JOHN BROWN of Ossawatomie spake on his dying day :

"I will not have, to shrive my soul, a priest in Slavery's pay.

But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven to free,

With her children, from the gallows-stair put up a prayer for me ! "

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to die;
And lo ! a poor slave-mother with her little child press'd nigh.

Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face grew mild,

As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the negro's child !

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart ;
And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the loving heart.

That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the good intent,

And round the grisly fighter's hair the martyr's aureole bent !

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good !
Long live the generous purpose unstained with human blood !

Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought which
underlies ;
Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Christian's
sacrifice.

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the Northern rifle
hear,
Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on the negro's
spear.
But let the free-winged angel Truth their guarded passes
scale,
To teach that right is more than might, and justice
more than mail !

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array ;
In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter snow
with clay.

She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares not
harm the dove ;
And every gate she bars to Hate shall open wide to
Love !

John Greenleaf Whittier.



Chickamauga, the River, Tenn.

BY CHICKAMAUGA RIVER.

A GAIN the wandering breezes bring
The music of the sheaves ;
Again the crickets chirp and sing
Among the golden leaves.

Twelve times the springs have oped the rills,
Twelve amber autumns sighed,
Since hung the war-cloud o'er the hills,
The year that Charlie died.

The springs return; the roses blow,
And croon the bird and bee,
And flutes the ring-dove's love-call low,
Along the Tennessee;
But one dear voice, one cherished tone,
Returns to me — ah, never!
For Charlie fills a grave unknown,
By Chickamauga River.

Kind Nature sets her blossoms there,
And fall the vernal rains;
But we may lay no garlands fair
Above his loved remains.
A white stone marks an empty grave
Our household graves beside,
And his dear name to it we gave
The year that Charlie died.

The winds of fall were breathing low,
The swallow left the eaves;
We heard the hollow bugles blow, •
When fell the harvest sheaves.
And swift the mustering squadrons passed,
We thought of Charlie ever, —
And swift the blue brigades were massed
By Chickamauga River.

Along the mountain spurs we saw
The wreaths of smoke ascend;
And, all the Sabbath day, in awe,
We watched the war cloud blend
With fall's cerulean sky, and dim
The wooded mountain side,—
Oh, how our hearts then beat for him,
The year that Charlie died !

How Thomas thundered past when broke
The wavering echelon !
How down the sky in flame and smoke
Low sunk the copper sun ;
The still night came, and who were saved
And who were called to sever,
We could not tell; our banner waved
By Chickamauga River.

And some returned with happy feet,
But never at our door
The fair-haired boy we used to meet
Came back to greet us more.
But memory seems to hear the fall
Of steps at eventide,
And all the changing years recall
The year that Charlie died.

Yet such a gift of God as he
'Tis blessed to have cherished;
And they shall ever stainless be
Who've nobly fought and perished.

He nobly died, and he can know
No dark dishonor ever,
But green the grass for him shall grow
By Chickamauga River.

Again I see the mountains blaze
In autumn's amber light;
Again I see in shimmering haze
The valleys long and bright.
Old Lookout Mountain towers afar
As when, in lordly pride,
It plumed its head with flags of war
The year that Charlie died.

On wooded Mission Ridge increase
The fruited fields of fall,
And Chattanooga sleeps in peace
Beneath her mountain wall.
O Country, free from sea to sea,
With union blest forever,
Not vainly heroes died for thee
By Chickamauga River !

Hezekiah Butterworth.

Columbus, Miss.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

"THE women of Columbus, Mississippi, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers."—*New York Tribune*.

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead ;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;—
Under the one, the Blue ;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet ;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;—
Under the laurel, the Blue ;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe ;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;—

Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the Summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;

They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead !
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ; —
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

Francis Miles Finch.



Coosa, the River, Ga.

THE RIVER COOSA.

HERE Coosa's quiet waters lave
 Bright fields that blush when Summer smiles ;
 The sunlight dances on the wave
 By white shell beds and marshy isles ;
 With brimming banks, a kindred stream,
 Comb'hee from swamp and forest pours ;
 They meet, combined, the broader gleam
 Of ocean's surge, on Otter's shores ;
 Light clouds in pointed masses lie
 On ether floating far and wide,
 Like mountains lifted to the sky,
 Of snowy top and dusky side ;
 Sweeping the river's utmost bound,
 Blue sky and emerald marsh between,
 Dark lines of forest circle round,
 A setting for the pictured scene ;
 Serenely beautiful it lies,
 Breathing an air of Paradise ;

So soft, so still, as though a care
Or wrong had never sheltered there;
As though no eye had ever shed
Its tears of anguish for the dead,
Nor heart with sorrow beat or bled.

Fair fields, calm river smooth and bright,
Sweet-breathing flowers and rustling trees,
The honeyed haunts of early bees,
Where birds with morning songs unite
To hail the newly risen light,
What isles of earth are blessed like these ?
No age, no blight ye ever know,
O beauteous land and glorious sea !
Still shall your breezes softly blow,
Your rippling waters ever flow,
Blending their ceaseless harmony,
When smiling earth and glowing sky
No longer fill the gazer's eye,
Hushed his last pulse of hope and fear ;
When passing ages shall efface
All memory of his name and race,
Without a toil, without a care,
Nature in her undying grace,
Each form and show as fair and true,
The sea as bright, the sky as blue,
Shall glow with smiles and blushes here.

Still shall be heard the loon's lone cry
Upon the stream, and to their rest
Long trains of curlews seaward fly,
At sunset, to their sandy nest;

Still joyous from the sparkling tide
With silver sides shall mullets leap;
The eagle soar in wonted pride;
And by their eyrie strong and wide,
On the dry oak beside the deep,
Their watch shall busy ospreys keep;
Still shall the otter win his prize,
Stealthy and dextrous as before;
And marsh-hens fill with startled cries
Or noisy challenges the shore;
And, when from the redundant main
The spring-tide with a bolder sweep
Spreads over all the marshy plain,
Cunning and still shall sit the while
On drifted sedge, a floating isle,
And patiently their vigils keep
Till the short deluge sinks again.

William J. Grayson.

Dismal Swamp, Va.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

THEY tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses.

"THEY made her a grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true:
And she 's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,

Where, all night long, by a firefly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

“ And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear ;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I ’ll hide the maid in a cypress-tree,
When the footstep of Death is near.”

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew !

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
“ Oh ! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear ? ”

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played, —
“ Welcome,” he said, “ my dear-one’s light ! ”
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore ;

Far, far he followed the meteor spark,
 The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
 And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
 This lover and maid so true
 Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
 To cross the Lake by a firefly lamp,
 And paddle their white canoe !

Thomas Moore.

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

IN dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
 The hunted Negro lay ;
 He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
 And heard at times a horse's tramp
 And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-worms shine,
 In bulrush and in brake ;
 Where waving mosses shroud the pine,
 And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine
 Is spotted like the snake ;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,
 Or a human heart would dare,
 On the quaking turf of the green morass
 He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,
 Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame ;
 Great scars deformed his face ;

On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,
All things were glad and free ;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
With songs of Liberty !

On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth ;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
And struck him to the earth !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP.

TIS a wild spot, and hath a gloomy look ;
The bird sings never merrily in the trees,
And the young leaves seem blighted. A rank growth
Spreads poisonously round, with power to taint
With blistering dews the thoughtless hand that dares
To penetrate the covert. Cypress
Crowd on the dank, wet earth ; and, stretched at length,
The cayman — a fit dweller in such home —
Slumbers, half buried in the sedgy grass.
Beside the green ooze where he shelters him,
A whooping crane erects his skeleton form,
And shrieks in flight. Two summer ducks, aroused
To apprehension, as they hear his cry,

Dash up from the lagoon, with marvellous haste,
Following his guidance. Meekly taught by these,
And startled at our rapid, near approach,
The steel-jawed monster, from his grassy bed,
Crawls slowly to his slimy, green abode,
Which straight receives him. You behold him now,
His ridgy back uprising as he speeds,
In silence, to the centre of the stream,
Whence his head peers alone. A butterfly,
That, travelling all the day, has counted climes
Only by flowers, to rest himself awhile,
Lights on the monster's brow. The surly mute
Straightway goes down, so suddenly that he,
The dandy of the summer flowers and woods,
Dips his light wings, and spoils his golden coat,
With the rank water of that turbid pond.
Wondering and vexed, the plumed citizen
Flies, with a hurried effort, to the shore,
Seeking his kindred flowers : but seeks in vain, —
Nothing of genial growth may there be seen,
Nothing of beautiful ! Wild, ragged trees,
That look like felon spectres, — fetid shrubs,
That taint the gloomy atmosphere, — dusk shades,
That gather, half a cloud, and half a fiend
In aspect, lurking on the swamp's wild edge, —
Gloom with their sternness and forbidding frowns
The general prospect. The sad butterfly,
Waving his lackered wings, darts quickly on,
And, by his free flight, counsels us to speed
For better lodgings, and a scene more sweet,
Than these drear borders offer us to-night.

*Eutaw, S. C.*TO THE MEMORY OF THE AMERICANS WHO FELL AT
EUTAW.

AT Eutaw Springs the valiant died ;
Their limbs with dust are covered o'er,—
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide ;
How many heroes are no more !

If, in this wreck of ruin, they
Can yet be thought to claim the tear,
Oh, smite your gentle breast, and say,
The friends of freedom slumber here !

Thou who shalt trace this bloody plain,
If goodness rules thy generous breast,
Sigh for the wasted rural reign ;
Sigh for the shepherds, sunk to rest !

Stranger, their humble graves adorn ;
You too may fall, and ask a tear :
'T is not the beauty of the morn
That proves the evening shall be clear.

They saw their injured country's woe ;
The flaming town, the wasted field ;
Then rushed to meet the insulting foe ;
They took the spear,—but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering genius, Greene,
The Britons they compelled to fly :

None distant viewed the fatal plain;
None grieved, in such a cause to die.

But like the Parthians, famed of old,
Who, flying, still their arrows threw;
These routed Britons, full as bold,
Retreated, and retreating slew.

Now rest in peace, our patriot band;
Though far from Nature's limits thrown,
We trust they find a happier land,
A brighter sunshine of their own.

Philip Freneau.



Frederick City, Md.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall, —

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!” — the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
“Fire!” — out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

" Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

" Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

John Greenleaf Whittier.



Fredericksburg, Va.

FREDERICKSBURG.

THE increasing moonlight drifts across my bed,
And on the churchyard by the road, I know
It falls as white and noiselessly as snow.
'T was such a night two weary summers fled;
The stars, as now, were waning overhead.
Listen! Again the shrill-lipped bugles blow
Where the swift currents of the river flow
Past Fredericksburg: far off the heavens are red
With sudden conflagration: on yon height,
Linstock in hand, the gunners hold their breath:
A signal-rocket pierces the dense night,
Flings its spent stars upon the town beneath:
Hark! —the artillery massing on the right,
Hark! —the black squadrons wheeling down to Death!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

IN the old churchyard at Fredericksburg
 A gravestone stands to-day,
 Marking the place where a grave has been,
 Though many and many a year has it seen
 Since its tenant mouldered away.

And that quaintly carved old stone
 Tells its simple tale to all :—
 “Here lies a bearer of the pall
 At the funeral of Shakespearc.”

There in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
 I wandered all alone,
 Thinking sadly on empty fame,
 How the great dead are but a name,—
 To few are they really known.

Then upon this battered stone
 My listless eye did fall,
 Where lay the bearer of the pall
 At the funeral of Shakespeare.

Then in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
 It seemed as though the air
 Were peopled with phantoms that swept by,
 Flitting along before my eye,
 So sad, so sweet, so fair;
 Hovering about this stone,
 By some strange spirit's call,
 Where lay a bearer of the pall
 At the funeral of Shakespeare.

For in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
 Juliet seemed to love,
 Hamlet mused, and the old Lear fell,
 Beatrice laughed, and Ariel
 Gleamed through the skies above,
 As here, beneath this stone,
 Lay in his narrow hall
 He who before had borne the pall
 At the funeral of Shakespeare.

And I left the old churchyard at Fredericksburg ;
 Still did the tall grass wave,
 With a strange and beautiful grace,
 Over the sad and lonely place,
 Where hidden lay the grave ;
 And still did the quaint old stone
 Tell its wonderful tale to all : —
 “Here lies a bearer of the pall
 At the funeral of Shakespeare.”

Frederick W. Loring.

BAY BILLY.

TWAS the last fight at Fredericksburg, —
 Perhaps the day you reck,
 Our boys, the Twenty-Second Maine,
 Kept Early's men in check.
 Just where Wade Hampton boomed away
 The fight went neck and neck.

All day the weaker wing we held,
And held it with a will.

Five several stubborn times we charged
The battery on the hill,
And five times beaten back, re-formed,
And kept our column still.

At last from out the centre fight
Spurred up a General's Aid.

"That battery must silenced be!"
He cried, as past he sped.

Our Colonel simply touched his cap,
And then, with measured tread,

To lead the crouching line once more
The grand old fellow came.

No wounded man but raised his head
And strove to gasp his name,
And those who could not speak nor stir,
"God blessed him" just the same.

For he was all the world to us,
That hero gray and grim.

Right well he knew that fearful slope
We'd climb with none but him,
Though while his white head led the way
We'd charge hell's portals in.

This time we were not half-way up,
When, midst the storm of shell,

Our leader, with his sword upraised,
Beneath our bayonets fell.
And, as we bore him back, the foe
Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him. Back we swept,
And when the bugle said
“Up, charge, again!” no man was there
But hung his dogged head.
“We’ve no one left to lead us now,”
The sullen soldiers said.

Just then before the laggard line
The Colonel’s horse we spied,
Bay Billy with his trappings on,
His nostrils swelling wide,
As though still on his gallant back
The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place
That was of old his wont,
And with a neigh that seemed to say,
“Above the battle’s brunt,
How can the Twenty-Second charge
If I am not in front?”

Like statues rooted there we stood,
And gazed a little space,
Above that floating mane we missed
The dear familiar face,

But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle-call could rouse us all
As that brave sight had done.
Down all the battered line we felt
A lightning impulse run.
Up! up! the hill we followed Bill,
And we captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height
Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly mid living and the dead
We sought our leader dumb.
It seemed as if a spectre steed
To win that day had come.

And then the dusk and dew of night
Fell softly o'er the plain,
As though o'er man's dread work of death
The angels wept again,
And drew night's curtain gently round
A thousand beds of pain.

All night the surgeons' torches went,
The ghastly rows between,—
All night with solemn step I paced
The torn and bloody green.
But who that fought in the big war
Such dread sights have not seen?

At last the morning broke. The lark
Sang in the merry skies

As if to e'en the sleepers there
It bade awake, and rise!
Though naught but that last trump of all
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more with banners gay,
Stretched out the long Brigade.
Trimly upon the furrowed field
The troops stood on parade,
And bravely mid the ranks were closed
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-Second's men
Were in their place that morn,
And Corporal Dick, who yester-noon
Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,
For all between were gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour
When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
The solemn Sergeant tries,—
One feels that thumping of the heart
As no prompt voice replies.

And as in faltering tone and slow
The last few names were said,
Across the field some missing horse
Toiled up with weary tread,
It caught the Sergeant's eye, and quick
Bay Billy's name he read.

Yes ! there the old bay hero stood,
 All safe from battle's harms,
 And ere an order could be heard,
 Or the bugle's quick alarms,
 Down all the front, from end to end,
 The troops presented arms !

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth
 Could still our mighty cheer ;
 And ever from that famous day,
 When rang the roll-call clear,
 Bay Billy's name was read, and then
 The whole line answered, "Here!"

Frank H. Gassaway.



Goshen Pass, Va.

THROUGH THE GOSHEN PASS.

MATTHEW F. MAURY'S LAST WISH.

"HOME,—bear me home at last," he said,
 "And lay me where my dead are lying,
 But not while skies are overspread,
 And mournful wintry winds are sighing.

"Wait till the royal march of Spring
 Carpets your mountain fastness over,—
 Till chattering birds are on the wing,
 And buzzing bees are in the clover.

“Wait till the laurel bursts its buds,
And creeping ivy flings its graces
About the lichenèd rocks, and floods
Of sunshine fill the shady places.

“Then, when the sky, the air, the grass,
Sweet Nature all, is glad and tender,
Then bear me through the Goshen Pass,
Amid its flush of May-day splendor.”

So will we bear him! Human heart
To the warm Earth’s drew never nearer,
And never stooped she to impart
Lessons to one who held them dearer.

* * *

His noble living for the ends
God set him (duty underlying
Each thought, word, action) naught transcends
In lustre, save his nobler dying.

Do homage, sky, and air, and grass,
All things he cherished, sweet and tender,
As through our gorgeous mountain-pass
We bear him in the May-day splendor!

Anonymous.

Hampton, Va.

THREE SUMMER STUDIES.

MORNING.

THE cock hath crowed. I hear the doors unbarred ;
Down to the grass-grown porch my way I take,
And hear, beside the well within the yard,
Full many an ancient quacking, splashing drake,
And gabbling goose, and noisy brood-hen, — all
Responding to yon strutting gobbler's call.

The dew is thick upon the velvet grass,
The porch rails hold it in translucent drops,
And as the cattle from the enclosure pass,
Each one, alternate, slowly halts and crops
The tall, green spears, with all their dewy load,
Which grow beside the well-known pasture-road.

A humid polish is on all the leaves, —
The birds flit in and out with varied notes,
The noisy swallows twitter 'neath the eaves,
A partridge whistle through the garden floats,
While yonder gaudy peacock harshly cries,
As red and gold flush all the eastern skies.

Up comes the sun ! Through the dense leaves a spot
Of splendid light drinks up the dew; the breeze
Which late made leafy music dies ; the day grows hot,
And slumbrous sounds come from marauding bees :

The burnished river like a sword-blade shines,
Save where 't is shadowed by the solemn pines.

NOON.

Over the farm is brooding silence now, —
No reaper's song, no raven's claugor harsh,
No bleat of sheep, no distant low of cow,
No croak of frogs within the spreading marsh,
No bragging cock from littered farmyard crows, —
The scene is steeped in silence and repose.

A trembling haze hangs over all the fields, —
The panting cattle in the river stand,
Seeking the coolness which its wave scarce yields.
It seems a Sabbath through the drowsy land ;
So hushed is all beneath the Summer's spell,
I pause and listen for some faint church bell.

The leaves are motionless, the song-birds mute ;
The very air seems somnolent and sick :
The spreading branches with o'er-ripened fruit
Show in the sunshine all their clusters thick,
While now and then a mellow apple falls
With a dull thud within the orchard's walls.

The sky has but one solitary cloud,
Like a dark island in a sea of light ;
The parching furrows 'twixt the corn-rows ploughed
Seem fairly dancing in my dazzled sight,
While over yonder road a dusty haze
Grows luminous beneath the sun's fierce blaze.

EVENING.

That solitary cloud grows dark and wide,
While distant thunder rumbles in the air,—
A fitful ripple breaks the river's tide,—
The lazy cattle are no longer there,
But homeward come, in long procession slow,
With many a bleat and many a plaintive low.

Darker and wider spreading o'er the west
Advancing clouds, each in fantastic form,
And mirrored turrets on the river's breast,
Tell in advance the coming of a storm,—
Closer and brighter glares the lightning's flash,
And louder, nearer sounds the thunder's crash.

The air of evening is intensely hot,
The breeze feels heated as it fans my brows,—
Now sullen rain-drops patter down like shot,
Strike in the grass, or rattle mid the boughs.
A sultry lull, and then a gust again,—
And now I see the thick advancing rain!

It fairly hisses as it drives along,
And where it strikes breaks up in silvery spray
As if 't were dancing to the fitful song
Made by the trees, which twist themselves and sway
In contest with the wind, that rises fast
Until the breeze becomes a furious blast.

And now, the sudden, fitful storm has fled,
The clouds lie piled up in the splendid West,
In massive shadow tipped with purplish red,

Crimson, or gold. The scene is one of rest;
And on the bosom of yon still lagoon
I see the crescent of the pallid moon.

James Barron Hope.

Hampton Roads, Va.

THE ATTACK.

IN Hampton Roads the airs of March were bland,
Peace on the deck, and in the fortress sleeping,
Till, in the lookout of the Cumberland,
The sailor, with his well-poised glass in hand,
Descried the iron island downward creeping.

A sudden wonder seized on land and bay,
And Tumult, with her train, was there to follow;
For still the stranger kept its seaward way,
Looking a great leviathan blowing spray,
Seeking with steady course his ocean wallow.

And still it came, and largened on the sight;
A floating monster, ugly and gigantic;
In shape, a wave, with long and shelving height,
As if a mighty billow, heaved at night,
Should turn to iron in the mid-Atlantic.

Then ship and fortress gazed with anxious stare,
Until the Cumberland's cannon, silence breaking,
Thundered its guardian challenge, "Who comes there?"

But, like a rock-flung echo in the air,
The shot rebounded, no impression making.

Then roared a broadside ; though directed well,
On, like a nightmare, moved the shape defiant ;
The tempest of our pounding shot and shell,
Crumbled to harmless nothing, thickly fell
From off the sounding armor of the giant !

Unchecked, still onward through the storm it broke,
With beak directed at the vessel's centre ;
Then through the constant cloud of sulphurous smoke
Drove, till it struck the warrior's wall of oak,
Making a gateway for the waves to enter.

Struck, and to note the mischief done, withdrew,
And then, with all a murderer's impatience,
Rushed on again, crushing her ribs anew,
Cleaving the noble hull wellnigh in two,
And on it sped its fiery imprecations.

Swift through the vessel swept the drowning swell,
With splash, and rush, and guilty rise appalling ;
While sinking cannon rung their own loud knell.
Then cried the traitor, from his sulphurous cell,
“Do you surrender ?” Oh, those words were galling !

How spake our captain to his comrades then ?
It was a shout from out a soul of splendor,
Echoed from lofty maintop, and again
Between-decks, from the lips of dying men,
“Sink ! sink, boys, sink ! but never say surrender !”

Down went the ship ! Down, down ; but never down
 Her sacred flag to insolent dictator.
 Weep for the patriot heroes, doomed to drown ;
 Pledge to the sunken Cumberland's renown.
 She sank, thank God ! unsoiled by foot of traitor !

Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE CUMBERLAND.

AT anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
 On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war ;
 And at times from the fortress across the bay
 The alarum of drums swept past,
 Or a bugle blast
 From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
 A little feather of snow-white smoke,
 And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
 Was steadily steering its course
 To try the force
 Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
 Silent and sullen, the floating fort ;
 Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
 And leaps the terrible death,
 With fiery breath,
 From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
 Defiance back in a full broadside !

As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
 Rebounds our heavier hail
 From each iron scale
 Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
 In his arrogant old plantation strain.
 "Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
 "It is better to sink than to yield!"
 And the whole air pealed
 With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
 She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
 Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
 With a sudden shudder of death,
 And the cannon's breath
 For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
 Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.
 Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
 Every waft of the air
 Was a whisper of prayer,
 Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
 Ye are at peace in the troubled stream;
 Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
 Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
 Shall be one again,
 And without a seam!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Harper's Ferry, Va.

HOW OLD BROWN TOOK HARPER'S FERRY.

JOHN BROWN in Kansas settled, like a steadfast
Yankee farmer,

Brave and godly, with four sons, all stalwart men of
might.

There he spoke aloud for freedom, and the Border-
strife grew warmer,

Till the Rangers fired his dwelling, in his absence, in
the night;

And Old Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,

Came homeward in the morning — to find his house
burned down.

Then he grasped his trusty rifle and boldly fought for
freedom ;

Smote from border unto border the fierce, invading
band ;

And he and his brave boys vowed — so might Heaven
help and speed 'em ! —

They would save those grand old prairies from the
curse that blights the land ;

And Old Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,

Said, " Boys, the Lord will aid us ! " and he shoved
his ramrod down.

And the Lord did aid these men, and they labored day
and even,

Saving Kansas from its peril; and their very lives
seemed charmed,

Till the ruffians killed one son, in the blessed light of
Heaven,—

In cold blood the fellows slew him, as he journeyed
all unarmed;

Then Old Brown,

Ossawattomie Brown,

Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and frowned a
terrible frown!

Then they seized another brave boy,—not amid the
heat of battle,

But in peace, behind his ploughshare,—and they
loaded him with chains,

And with pikes, before their horses, even as they goad
their cattle,

Drove him cruelly, for their sport, and at last blew
out his brains;

Then Old Brown,

Ossawattomie Brown,

Raised his right hand up to Heaven, calling Heaven's
vengeanee down.

And he swore a fearful oath, by the name of the
Almighty,

He would hunt this ravening evil that had scathed
and torn him so;

He would seize it by the vitals; he would crush it day
and night; he

Would so pursue its footsteps, so return it blow for
blow,

That Old Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,

Should be a name to swear by, in backwoods or in
town!

Then his beard became more grizzled, and his wild
blue eye grew wilder,

And more sharply curved his hawk's-nose, snuffing
battle from afar;

And he and the two boys left, though the Kansas
strife waxed milder,

Grew more sullen, till was over the bloody Border
War,

And Old Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,

Had gone crazy, as they reckoned by his fearful glare
and frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and their bitter woes
behind him,

Slipped off into Virginia, where the statesmen all are
born,

Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and no one knew
where to find him,

Or whether he'd turned parson, or was jacketed and
shorn;

For Old Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,

Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a parson's
gown.

He bought no ploughs and harrows, spades and shovels,
and such trifles ;

But quietly to his rancho there came, by every train,
Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and his well-beloved
Sharp's rifles ;

And eighteen other madmen joined their leader there
again.

Says Old Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,

"Boys, we 've got an army large enough to march and
take the town !

"Take the town, and seize the muskets, free the negroes
and then arm them ;

Carry the County and the State, ay, and all the potent
South.

On their own heads be the slaughter, if their victims
rise to harm them —

These Virginians ! who believed not, nor would heed
the warning mouth."

Says Old Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,

"The world shall see a Republic, or my name is not
John Brown."

'T was the sixteenth of October, on the evening of a
Sunday :

"This good work," declared the captain, "shall be
on a holy night!"

It was on a Sunday evening, and before the noon of
Monday,

With two sons, and Captain Stephens, fifteen privates — black and white,
 Captain Brown,
 Ossawattomie Brown,
Marched across the bridged Potomac, and knocked the sentry down ;

Took the guarded armory-building, and the muskets and the cannon ;
Captured all the county majors and the colonels, one by one ;
Scared to death each gallant scion of Virginia they ran on,
And before the noon of Monday, I say, the deed was done.

 Mad Old Brown,
 Ossawattomie Brown,
With his eighteen other crazy men, went in and took the town.

Very little noise and bluster, little smell of powder made he ;
It was all done in the midnight, like the Emperor's *coup d'état*.
“Cut the wires ! Stop the rail-cars ! Hold the streets and bridges !” said he,
Then declared the new Republic, with himself for guiding star, —

 This Old Brown,
 Ossawattomie Brown ;
And the bold two thousand citizens ran off and left the town.

Then was riding and railroading and expressing here
and thither;

And the Martinsburg Sharpshooters and the Charles-
town Volunteers,

And the Shepherdstown and Winchester Militia hastened
whither

Old Brown was said to muster his ten thousand
grenadiers.

General Brown !

Ossawattomie Brown !!

Behind whose rampant banner all the North was pouring
down.

But at last, 't is said, some prisoners escaped from Old
Brown's durance,

And the effervescent valor of the Chivalry broke out,
When they learned that nineteen madmen had the mar-
vellous assurance —

Only nineteen — thus to seize the place and drive
them straight about;

And Old Brown,

Ossawattomie Brown,

Found an army come to take him, encamped around
the town.

But to storm, with all the forces I have mentioned,
was too risky ;

So they hurried off to Richmond for the Government
Marines,

Tore them from their weeping matrons, fired their souls
with Bourbon whiskey,

Till they battered down Brown's castle with their
ladders and machines;

And Old Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,

Received three bayonet stabs, and a cut on his brave
old crown.

Tallyho! the old Virginia gentry gather to the baying!

In they rushed and killed the game, shooting lustily
away;

And whene'er they slew a rebel, those who came too
late for slaying,

Not to lose a share of glory, fired their bullets in
his clay;

And Old Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,

Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and between them
laid him down.

How the conquerors wore their laurels; how they
hastened on the trial;

How Old Brown was placed, half dying, on the
Charlestown court-house floor;

How he spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all
denial;

What the brave old madman told them,—these are
known the country o'er.

“Hang Old Brown,
Ossawattomie Brown,”

Said the judge, “and all such rebels!” with his most
judicial frown.

But, Virginians, don't do it! for I tell you that the flagon,
 Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring, was first
 poured by Southern hands;
 And each drop from Old Brown's life-veins, like the
 red gore of the dragon,
 May spring up a vengeful Fury, hissing through your
 slave-worn lands!

And Old Brown,
 Ossawattomie Brown,

May trouble you more than ever, when you 've nailed
 his coffin down!

Edmund Clarence Stedman.



Hatteras, the Cape, N. C.

HATTERAS.

IN fathoms five the anchor gone ;
 While here we furl the sail,
 No longer vainly laboring on
 Against the western gale :
 While here thy bare and barren cliffs,
 O Hatteras, I survey,
 And shallow grounds and broken reefs, —
 What shall console my stay !

The dangerous shoal, that breaks the wave
 In columns to the sky ;
 The tempests black, that hourly rave,

Portend all danger nigh :
 Sad are my dreams on ocean's verge !
 The Atlantic round me flows,
 Upon whose ancient angry surge
 No traveller finds repose !

The pilot comes ! — from yonder sands
 He shoves his bark, so frail,
 And hurrying on, with busy hands,
 Employs both oar and sail.
 Beneath this rude unsettled sky
 Condemned to pass his years,
 No other shores delight his eye,
 No foe alarms his fears.

In depths of woods his hut he builds,
 Devoted to repose,
 And, blooming, in the barren wilds
 His little garden grows :
 His wedded nymph, of sallow hue,
 No mingled colors grace, —
 For her he toils, to her is true,
 The captive of her face.

Kind Nature here, to make him blest,
 No quiet harbor planned ;
 And poverty — his constant guest —
 Restrains the pirate band :
 His hopes are all in yonder flock,
 Or some few hives of bees,
 Except, when bound for Ocracock,
 Some gliding bark he sees.

His Catharine then he quits with grief,
And spreads his tottering sails,
While, waving high her handkerchief,
Her commodore she hails :
She grieves, and fears to see no more
The sail that now forsakes,
From Hatteras' sands to banks of Core
Such tedious journeys takes !

Fond nymph ! your sighs are heaved in vain ;
Restrain those idle fears :
Can you, that should relieve his pain,
Thus kill him with your tears !
Can absence thus beget regard,
Or does it only seem ?
He comes to meet a wandering bard
That steers for Ashley's stream.

Though disappointed in his views,
Not joyless will we part ;
Nor shall the God of mirth refuse
The balsam of the heart :
No niggard key shall lock up joy, —
I'll give him half my store,
Will he but half his skill employ
To guard us from your shore.

Should eastern gales once more awake,
No safety will be here :
Alack ! I see the billows break,
Wild tempests hovering near :
Before the bellowing seas begin

Their conflict with the land,
Go, pilot, go, — your Catharine join,
That waits on yonder sand.

Philip Freneau.

CAPE HATTERAS.

THE Wind King from the North came down,
Nor stopped by river, mount, or town ;
But, like a boisterous god at play,
Resistless bounding on his way,
He shook the lake and tore the wood,
And flapped his wings in merry mood,
Nor furled them, till he spied afar
The white caps flash on Hatteras bar,
Where fierce Atlantic landward bowls
O'er treacherous sands and hidden shoals.

He paused, then wreathed his horn of cloud,
And blew defiance long and loud :
“ Come up ! come up, thou torrid god,
That rul’st the Southern sea !
Ho ! lightning-eyed and thunder-shod,
Come wrestle here with me !
As tossest thou the tangled cane,
I ’ll hurl thee o’er the boiling main !

* * *

“ Come up ! come up, thou torrid god,
Thou lightning-eyed and thunder-shod,
. And wrestle here with me ! ”

’T was heard and answered : “ Lo ! I come
From azure Carribee,

To drive thee cowering to thy home,
 And melt its walls of frozen foam.”
 From every isle and mountain dell,
 From plains of pathless chaparral,
 From tide-built bars, where sea-birds dwell,
 He drew his lurid legions forth,
 And sprang to meet the white-plumed North.

LIBRARY OF

Can mortal tongue in song convey
 The fury of that fearful fray ?
 How ships were splintered at a blow,
 Sails shivered into shreds of snow,
 And seamen hurled to death below !
 Two gods commingling, bolt and blast,
 The huge waves on each other cast,
 And bellowed o'er the raging waste ;
 Then sped like harnessed steeds, afar,
 That drag a shattered battle-car
 Amid the midnight din of war !

False Hatteras ! when the cyclone came,
 Thy waves leapt up with hoarse acclaim
 And ran and wrecked yon argosy !
 Fore'er nine sank ! that lone hulk stands
 Embedded in thy yellow sands,—
 An hundred hearts in death there stilled,
 And yet its ribs, with corpses filled,
 Are now caressed by thee !

* * *

Yon lipless skull shall speak for me,
 “This is the Golgotha of the sea !

And its keen hunger is the same
 In winter's frost or summer's flame !
 When life was young, adventure sweet,
 I came with Walter Raleigh's fleet,
 But here my scattered bones have lain
 And bleached for ages by the main !
 Though lonely once, strange folk have come,
 Till peopled is my barren home.
 Enough are here. Oh, heed the cry,
 Ye white-winged strangers sailing by !
 The bark that lingers on this wave
 Will find its smiling but a grave !
 Then, tardy mariner, turn and flee,
 A myriad wrecks are on thy lea !
 With swelling sail and sloping mast,
 Accept kind Heaven's propitious blast !
 O ship, sail on ! O ship, sail fast,
 Till, Golgotha's quicksands being past,
 Thou gain'st the open sea at last !”

Josiah W. Holden.

THE WRECK.

THEY were off Cape Hatteras
 On a dark night of September,—
 Long, ah ! long shall we remember !
 On the ship were souls six hundred
 Ere the God of Tempests thundered.
 Long we 'll mourn the night — alas !—
 They were off Cape Hatteras.

O'er the billows came the storm;
 On the sea were demons prowling;
 O'er the wave came Horror howling;
 Looking on the dread commotion
 Lay dark spirits of the ocean;
 In its terrors multiform
 O'er the billows came the storm.

Comes the sound of boding doom.—
 Hark! the spars and boom a-creaking!
 Hark! the dole of victims shrieking!
 Louder comes the tempest's thunder,
 Bursting rope and bar asunder!
 From the bellow and the gloom
 Comes the sound of boding doom.

With the blare of bellowing storm
 Comes the shout of seamen daring:
 "Courage, brothers! God us sparing,
 We shall conquer, though the thunder
 Crushes our good ship asunder!"
 Lightning showed each sailor form
 Battling with the bellowing storm.

Hark, on high! 't is God who speaks!
 Thunders ruinous are booming;
 Storm-cloud in the lightning looming;
 Fiercer, louder, wilder, higher,
 Howls the darkling blast and nigher. . . .
 From the heaven the thunder breaks—
 Hark, on high! 't is God who speaks!

Now there comes a spirit prone
 O'er the deck from prow to rudder,
 Making e'en the seamen shudder! . . .
 Now the gallant Herndon's speaking
 With his trumpet o'er the shrieking:
 "Now to God and Him alone!"
 Then there came that spirit prone.

Wild the answer: groan and prayer!
 Wild the answer: tempest thundered!
 Wild the answer of six hundred!
 O'er the deck came billows breaking—
 Vessel sinking—hope forsaking!
 "Look to God—for death prepare!"—
 Wild the answer: groan and prayer!

Down in caverns wild and dark
 Are the daring victims lying—
 Loud the land with wail and sighing.
 With the God of Tempests leave them—
 Jesus, Saviour, now receive them.
 The good ship lies grim and stark
 Down in caverns wild and dark;

It is off Cape Hatteras—
 Sunk that dark night of September—
 Long, ah! long shall we remember.
 There were on the ship six hundred
 Ere the God of Tempests thundered!
 Long we'll mourn the night—alas!—
 They were off Cape Hatteras!

T. H. McNaughton.

Isle of Founts, Ga.

ISLE OF FOUNTS: AN INDIAN TRADITION.

"THE river St. Mary has its source from a vast lake or marsh, which lies between Flint and Ockmulgee rivers, and occupies a space of near three hundred miles in circuit. This vast accumulation of waters, in the wet season, appears as a lake, and contains some large islands or knolls of rich high land; one of which the present generation of the Creek Indians represent to be a most blissful spot of earth. They say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful. They also tell you that this terrestrial paradise has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters, when in pursuit of game; but that in their endeavors to approach it, they were involved in perpetual labyrinths, and, like enchanted land, still as they imagined they had just gained it, it seemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and disappearing." — BERTRAM's *Travels through North and South Carolina, etc.*

SON of the stranger! wouldest thou take
 S O'er you blue hills thy lonely way,
 To reach the still and shining lake
 Along whose banks the west-winds play?
 Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile,—
 Oh, seek thou not the Fountain Isle!

Lull but the mighty serpent king
 Midst the gray rocks, his old domain;
 Ward but the cougar's deadly spring,—
 Thy step that lake's green shore may gain;
 And the bright Isle, when all is passed,
 Shall vainly meet thine eye at last!

Yes! there, with all its rainbow streams,
 Clear as within thine arrow's flight,
 The Isle of Founts, the isle of dreams,
 Floats on the wave in golden light;

And lovely will the shadows be
Of groves whose fruit is not for thee !

And breathings from their sunny flowers,
Which are not of the things that die,
And singing voices from their bowers,
Shall greet thee in the purple sky ;
Soft voices, e'en like those that dwell
Far in the green reed's hollow cell.

Or hast thou heard the sounds that rise
From the deep chambers of the earth ?
The wild and wondrous melodies
To which the ancient rocks gave birth ?
Like that sweet song of hidden caves
Shall swell those wood notes o'er the waves.

The emerald waves ! — they take their hue
And image from that sunbright shore ;
But wouldest thou launch thy light canoe,
And wouldest thou ply thy rapid oar,
Before thee, hadst thou morning's speed,
The dreamy land should still recede !

Yet on the breeze thou still wouldest hear
The music of its flowering shades,
And ever should the sound be near
Of founts that ripple through its glades
The sound, and sight, and flashing ray
Of joyous waters in their play !

But woe for him who sees them burst
With their bright spray showers to the lake !

Earth has no spring to quench the thirst
That semblance in his soul shall wake,
Forever pouring through his dreams
The gush of those untasted streams !

Bright, bright, in many a rocky urn,
The waters of our deserts lie,
Yet at their source his lip shall burn,
Parched with the fever's agony !
From the blue mountains to the main
Our thousand floods may roll in vain.

E'en thus our hunters came of yore
Back from their long and weary quest ; —
Had they not seen the untrodden shore ?
And could they midst our wilds find rest ?
The lightning of their glance was fled,
They dwelt amongst us as the dead !

They lay beside our glittering rills
With visions in their darkened eye ;
Their joy was not amidst the hills
Where elk and deer before us fly :
Their spears upon the cedar hung,
Their javelins to the wind were flung.

They bent no more the forest bow,
They armed not with the warrior band,
The moons waned o'er them dim and slow, —
They left us for the spirits' land !
Beneath our pines yon greensward heap
Shows where the restless found their sleep.

Son of the stranger ! if at eve
 Silence be midst us in thy place,
 Yet go not where the mighty leave
 The strength of battle and of chase !
 Let no vain dreams thy heart beguile —
 Oh, seek thou not the Fountain Isle !

Felicia Hemans.

Jamestown, Va.

ODE TO JAMESTOWN.

OLD cradle of an infant world,
 In which a nestling empire lay,
 Struggling awhile, ere she unfurled
 Her gallant wing and soared away ;
 All hail ! thou birthplace of the glowing west,
 Thou seem'st the towering eagle's ruined nest !

What solemn recollections throng,
 What touching visions rise,
 As, wandering these old stones among,
 I backward turn mine eyes,
 And see the shadows of the dead flit round,
 Like spirits, when the last dread trump shall sound.

The wonders of an age combined
 In one short moment memory supplies ;
 They throng upon my wakened mind,
 As time's dark curtains rise.

The volume of a hundred buried years,
Condensed in one bright sheet, appears.

I hear the angry ocean rave,
I see the lonely little bark . . .
Scudding along the crested wave,
Freighted like old Noah's ark,
As o'er the drownéd earth 't was hurled,
With the forefathers of another world.

I see a train of exiles stand,
Amid the desert, desolate,
The fathers of my native land,
The daring pioneers of fate,
Who braved the perils of the sea and earth,
And gave a boundless empire birth.

I see the sovereign Indian range
His woodland empire, free as air ;
I see the gloomy forest change,
The shadowy earth laid bare ;
And, where the red man chased the bounding deer,
The smiling labors of the white appear.

I see the haughty warrior gaze
In wonder or in scorn,
As the pale faces sweat to raise
Their scanty fields of corn,
While he, the monarch of the boundless wood,
By sport, or hair-brained rapine, wins his food.

A moment, and the pageant's gone ;
The red men are no more ;

The pale-faced strangers stand alone
 Upon the river's shore;
 And the proud wood-king, who their arts disdained,
 Finds but a bloody grave where once he reigned.

The forest reels beneath the stroke
 Of sturdy woodman's axe ;
 The earth receives the white man's yoke,
 And pays her willing tax
 Of fruits, and flowers, and golden harvest fields,
 And all that nature to blithe labor yields.

Then growing hamlets rear their heads,
 And gathering crowds expand,
 Far as my fancy's vision spreads,
 O'er many a boundless land,
 Till what was once a world of savage strife
 Teems with the richest gifts of social life.

Empire to empire swift succeeds,
 Each happy, great, and free ;
 One empire still another breeds,
 A giant progeny.
 Destined their daring race to run,
 Each to the regions of yon setting sun.

Then, as I turn my thoughts to trace
 The fount whence these rich waters sprung,
 I glance towards this lonely place,
 And find it, these rude stones among.
 Here rest the sires of millions, sleeping round,
 The Argonauts, the golden fleece that found.

Their names have been forgotten long ;
 The stone, but not a word, remains ;
 They cannot live in deathless song,
 Nor breathe in pious strains.

Yet this sublime obscurity to me
 More touching is than poet's rhapsody.

They live in millions that now breathe ;
 They live in millions yet unborn,
 And pious gratitude shall wreath
 As bright a crown as ere was worn,
 And hang it on the green-leaved bough,
 That whispers to the nameless dead below.

No one that inspiration drinks ;
 No one that loves his native land ;
 No one that reasons, feels, or thinks,
 Can mid these lonely ruins stand,
 Without a moistened eye, a grateful tear
 Of reverent gratitude to those that moulder here.

The mighty shade now hovers round,—
 Of him whose strange, yet bright career
 Is written on this sacred ground
 In letters that no time shall sere ;
 Who in the Old World smote the turbaned crew,
 And founded Christian empires in the New.

And she ! the glorious Indian maid,
 The tutelary of this land,
 The angel of the woodland shade,
 The miracle of God's own hand,

Who joined man's heart to woman's softest grace,
And thrice redeemed the scourges of her race.

Sister of charity and love,
Whose life-blood was soft Pity's tide,
Dear goddess of the sylvan grove,
Flower of the forest, nature's pride,
He is no man who does not bend the knee,
And she no woman who is not like thee !

Jamestown, and Plymouth's hallowed rock
To me shall ever sacred be,—
I care not who my themes may mock,
Or sneer at them and me.
I envy not the brute who here can stand
Without a thrill for his own native land.

And if the recreant crawl her earth,
Or breathe Virginia's air,
Or in New England claim his birth,
From the old pilgrims there,
He is a bastard, if he dare to mock
Old Jamestown's shrine or Plymouth's famous rock.

James Kirke Paulding.

JOHN SMITH'S APPROACH TO JAMESTOWN.

I PAUSE not now to speak of Raleigh's dreams,
Though they might give a loftier bard fit themes :
I pause not now to tell of Ocracock,
Where Saxon spray broke on the red-brown rock ;

Nor of my native river which glides down
Through scenes where rose a happy Indian town;
But, leaving these and Chesapeake's broad bay,
Resume my story in the month of May,
Where England's cross — St. George's ensign — flowed
Where ne'er before emblazoned banner glowed ;
Where English breasts throbbed fast as English eyes
Looked o'er the waters with a glad surprise, —
Looked gladly out upon the varied scene
Where stretched the woods in all their pomp of green ;
Flinging great shadows, beautiful and vast
As e'er upon Arcadian lake were cast.
Turn where they would, in what direction rove,
They found some bay, or wild, romantic cove,
On which they coasted through those forests dim,
Wherein they heard the never-ceasing hymn
That swelled from all the tall, majestic pines, —
Fit choristers of Nature's sylvan shrines.

For though no priest their solitudes had trod,
The trees were vocal in their praise of God.
And then, when, capes and jutting headlands past,
The sails were furled against each idle mast,
They saw the sunset in its pomp descend,
And sky and water gloriously contend
For gorgeousness of colors, red and gold,
And tints of amethyst together rolled,
Making a scene of splendor and of rest
As vanquished day lit camp-fires in the West.
And when the light grew faint on wave and strand,
New beauties woke in this enchanted land,

For through heaven's lattice-work of crimson bars
 Like angels looked the bright eternal stars,
 And then, when gathered tints of purplish brown,
 A golden sickle, reaping darkness down,
 The new moon shone above the lofty trees,
 Which made low music in the evening breeze,—
 The breeze which floating blandly from the shore
 The perfumed breath of flowering jasmine bore;
 For smiling Spring had kissed its clustering vines,
 And breathed her fragrance on the lofty pines.

James Barron Hope.



Kekoughton, the River, Va.

SUNSET ON THE KEKOUGHTON RIVER.

SEE the scattered clouds of evening,—
 Lattice bars across the blue,—
 Where the moon in pallid beauty
 Like an angel gazes through!

Over all the winding river,
 By the fading sunset kissed,
 Slowly rises up the vapor
 In a cloud of ghostly mist.

While the eve is slowly turning
 Its last grains of golden sand,
 What a holy quiet hovers
 Over all the drowsy land!

There is now the spell of silence,
Of a silence calm and deep,
Over all the placid waters
Where the pale mist seems asleep.

And the vessels, slowly gliding
Down the river to the bay,
Show on spreading sheets of canvas
Tints that change from red to gray.

All is quiet, save the murmur
Of the tide upon the bar :
See each little breaker playing
With the image of a star !

And 't is thus that human creatures,
Bowed with age, or fresh in youth,
Give back brokenly the image
Of each grand, celestial truth.

Now the brooding silence deepens,
And the scene is one of rest,
As the wrecked day drifts down grandly
To be stranded in the West,

On yon rugged coast of Cloudland
High above the village spire,
On its mighty, purple headlands
And its crags all tipped with fire.

James Barron Hope.

Kitty Hawk, N. C.

THE WRECK OF THE HURON.

ROCKS and shoals of the sea,
 Tide of the under-waves,
 Surf of the moaning lee,
 Where the hurricane raves,—
 Green steeps that are storm-rent and sterile,
 Wild-sown with the spoils of the shore,—
 The night has passed on and the peril,
 And the mariners struggle no more.

Sing for the brave ship lost:
 Chant for the lives that lie
 In unknown haven tossed,
 Under a sobbing sky.
 Sing requiem, praise to the valor
 Unshaken though Fate held the scourge;
 But dawnlight unveils the stern pallor
 Of faces swept cold by the surge.

Wreck on the sullen bar,
 Never in battle a-sea,
 Iron-girted for war,
 Challenge shall echo from thee:
 Storm, darkness, and depths are thy foemen,
 And each hero stood to his post;
 But master and sailor and yeomen,
 Their names shall give fame to the coast.

Gulfs and caves of the deep,
 Aged seas without pulse,
 Let them sleep well who sleep
 Lapped in sea-weed and dulse ;
 They miss not the legend engraven,
 The delicate springing of flowers,
 They miss, who, by inland and haven,
 Sit still through the sorrowful hours !

Edith M. Thomas.



Malvern Hill, Va.

A MESSAGE.

WAS there ever message sweeter
 Than that one from Malvern Hill,
 From a grim old fellow,— you remember?
 Dying in the dark at Malvern Hill.
 With his rough face turned a little,
 On a heap of scarlet sand,
 They found him, just within the thicket,
 With a picture in his hand,—

With a stained and crumpled picture
 Of a woman's aged face ;
 Yet there seemed to leap a wild entreaty,
 Young and living — tender — from the face
 When they flashed the lantern on it,
 Gilding all the purple shade,

And stooped to raise him softly,—
“That’s my mother, sir,” he said.

“Tell her”—but he wandered, slipping
Into tangled words and cries,—
Something about Mac and Hooker,
Something dropping through the cries
About the kitten by the fire,
And mother’s cranberry-pies; and there
The words fell, and an utter
Silence brooded in the air.

Just as he was drifting from them,
Out into the dark, alone,
(Poor old mother, waiting for your message,
Waiting with the kitten, all alone!)
Through the hush his voice broke,—“Tell her—
Thank you, Doctor—when you can,
Tell her that I kissed her picture,
And wished I’d been a better man.”

Ah, I wonder if the red feet
Of departed battle-hours
May not leave for us their searching
Message from those distant hours.
Sisters, daughters, mothers, think you,
Would your heroes now or then,
Dying, kiss your pictured faces,
Wishing they’d been better men?

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Manassas, Va.

MAY-DAY AT MANASSAS.

1860.

TWAS far in May, a heavenly day,—
 The skies were bright, the fields were gay
 With blossoms, butterflies, and bees,
 And singing birds in the cherry-trees ;
 And the air from gardens, woods, and bowers
 Was sweet with the breath of vernal flowers ;
 And the waving wheat-fields seemed to me
 The gleaming waves of a summer sea,
 That May-day at Manassas.

And flocks and herds, in pastures green,
 Enlivened far and wide the scene ;
 And here and there, on hill and plain,
 Stood clustering stacks of hay and grain ;
 And near the old-time mansion played
 Its pickaninnies in the shade,
 While the “field-hand” slave forgot his wrongs
 Of bondage, in his cheerful songs,

That May-day at Manassas.

* * *

1862.

YET once again I passed that way,
 In the morning of another May ;
 But what an awful change was there,

Affecting even the light and air !
 Are these realities ? They seem
 The horrors of a hideous dream.
 I looked appalled and in surprise
 On the blackened earth and smoky skies,
 That May-day at Manassas.

No fields of wheat the picture graced,—
 Their very landmarks were effaced ;
 No flocks or herds or stacks of grain
 Were visible on hill or plain ;
 But pits, redoubts, and many a mound,
 Where the bones of men in the shallow ground
 Lay buried from the battle's toil,
 Or partly whitening on the soil,
 That May-day at Manassas.

* * *

George B. Wallace.

Mexico, the Gulf.

SEA-WEEDS.

FRIEND of the thoughtful mind and gentle heart,
 Beneath the citron-tree—
 Deep calling to my soul's profounder deep,—
 I hear the Mexique Sea.

White, through the night, the spectral surf rides in,
 Along the spectral sands,
 And all the air vibrates, as if from harps
 Touched by phantasmal hands.

Bright in the moon the red pomegranate-flowers
 Lean to the yucca's bells,
While with her chrism of dew sad Midnight fills
 The milk-white asphodels.

Watching all night — as I have done before —
 I count the stars that set,
Each writing on my soul some memory deep
 Of pleasure or regret;

Till, wild with heart-break, toward the east I turn,
 Waiting for dawn of day;
And chanting sea, and asphodel, and star
 Are faded, all, away.

Only within my trembling, trembling hands —
 Brought unto me by thee —
I clasp these beautiful and fragile things,
 Bright sea-weeds from the sea.

Fair bloom the flowers beneath these northern skies,
 Pure shine the stars by night,
And grandly sing the grand Atlantic waves
 In thunder-throated might :

Yet, as the sea-shell in her chambers keeps
 The murmur of the sea,
So the deep echoing memories of my home
 Will not depart from me.

Prone on the page they lie, these gentle things,
 As I have seen them cast

Like a drowned woman's hair along the sands
When storms were overpast;

Prone, like mine own affections, cast ashore
In battle's storm and blight.

Would they could die, like sea-weed ! Bear with me,
But I must weep to-night.

* * *

Annie Chambers-Ketchum.

THE BURIAL OF THE DANE.

B^{LUE} gulf all around us,
Blue sky overhead,—
Muster all on the quarter,
We must bury the dead !

It is but a Danish sailor,
Rugged of front and form ;
A common son of the forecastle,
Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name and the strand he hailed from
We know, — and there's nothing more !
But perhaps his mother is waiting
In the lonely island of Fohr.

Still, as he lay there dying,
Reason drifting awreck,
“ ‘T is my watch,” he would mutter,
“ I must go upon deck !”

Ay, on deck,—by the foremast!—
But watch and lookout are done;
The Union-Jack laid o'er him,
How quiet he lies in the sun!

Slow the ponderous engine,
Stay the hurrying shaft!
Let the roll of the ocean
Cradle our giant craft,—
Gather around the grating,
Carry your messmate aft!

Stand in order, and listen
To the holiest page of prayer!
Let every foot be quiet,
Every head be bare,—
The soft trade-wind is lifting
A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service
(A little spray on his cheeks),
The grand old words of burial,
And the trust a true heart seeks,—
“We therefore commit his body
To the deep,”—and, as he speaks,

Launched from the weather-railing,
Swift as the eye can mark,
The ghastly, shotted hammock
Plunges, away from the shark,
Down, a thousand fathoms,
Down into the dark!

A thousand summers and winters
 The stormy Gulf shall roll
 High o'er his canvas coffin,—
 But, silence to doubt and dole !
 There's a quiet harbor somewhere
 For the poor aweary soul.

Free the fettered engine,
 Speed the tireless shaft!
 Loose to'gallant and topsail,
 The breeze is fair abaft !

Blue sea all around us,
 Blue sky bright o'erhead,—
 Every man to his duty !
 We have buried our dead.

Henry Howard Brownell.



Mobile, the Bay, Ala.

THE BAY-FIGHT.

THREE days through sapphire seas we sailed,
 The steady Trade blew strong and free,
 The Northern Light his banners paled,
 The Ocean Stream our channels wet,
 We rounded low Canaveral's lee,
 And passed the isles of emerald set
 In blue Bahamas' turquoise sea.

By reef and shoal obscurely mapped,
And hauntings of the gray sea-wolf,
The palmy Western Key lay lapped
In the warm washing of the Gulf.

But weary to the hearts of all
The burning glare, the barren reach
Of Santa Rosa's withered beach,
And Pensacola's ruined wall.

And weary was the long patrol,
The thousand miles of shapeless strand,
From Brazos to San Blas that roll
Their drifting dunes of desert sand.

Yet, coastwise as we cruised or lay,
The land-breeze still at nightfall bore,
By beach and fortress-guarded bay,
Sweet odors from the enemy's shore,

Fresh from the forest solitudes,
Unchallenged of his sentry lines,—
The bursting of his cypress buds,
And the warm fragrance of his pines.

Ah, never braver bark and crew,
Nor bolder flag a foe to dare.
Had left a wake on ocean blue
Since Lion-Heart sailed Trenc-le-mer!

But little gain by that dark ground
Was ours, save, sometime, freer breath
For friend or brother strangely found,
'Scaped from the drear domain of death.

And little venture for the bold,
 Or laurel for our valiant chief,
 Save some blockaded British thief,
 Full fraught with murder in his hold,

Caught unawares at ebb or flood ;
 Or dull bombardment, day by day,
 With fort and earthwork, far away,
 Low couched in sullen leagues of mud.

A weary time, — but to the strong
 The day at last, as ever, came ;
 And the volcano, laid so long,
 Leaped forth in thunder and in flame !

* * *

“Man your starboard battery !”

Kimberly shouted ;
 The ship, with her hearts of oak,
 Was going, mid roar and smoke,
 On to victory !
 None of us doubted —
 No, not our dying —
 Farragut’s flag was flying !

Gaines growled low on our left,
 Morgan roared on our right —
 Before us, gloomy and fell,
 With breath like the fume of hell,
 Lay the Dragon of iron shell,
 Driven at last to the fight !

Ha, old ship ! do they thrill,
 The brave two hundred scars

You got in the River-Wars?
That were leeched with clamorous skill
(Surgery savage and hard),
Splintered with bolt and beam,
Probed in scarfing and seam,
Rudely linted and tarred
With oakum and boiling pitch,
And sutured with splice and hitch,
At the Brooklyn Navy-Yard !

Our lofty spars were down,
To bide the battle's frown
(Wont of old renown), —
But every ship was dressed
In her bravest and her best,
As if for a July day;
Sixty flags and three,
As we floated up the bay, —
Every peak and masthead flew
The brave Red, White, and Blue, —
We were eighteen ships that day.

With hawsers strong and taut,
The weaker lashed to port,
On we sailed, two by two, —
That if either a bolt should feel
Crash through caldron or wheel,
Fin of bronze or sinew of steel,
Her mate might bear her through.

Steadily nearing the head,
The great flag-ship led, —

Grandest of sights !
On her lofty mizzen flew
Our leader's dauntless blue,
That had waved o'er twenty fights.
So we went, with the first of the tide,
Slowly, mid the roar
Of the rebel guns ashore,
And the thunder of each full broadside.

Ah, how poor the prate
Of statute and of state,
We once held with these fellows :
Here, on the flood's pale-green,
Hark how he bellows, —
Each bluff old sea-lawyer !
Talk to them, Dahlgren,
Parrott, and Sawyer !

On in the whirling shade
Of the cannon's sulphury breath,
We drew to the line of death
That our devilish foe had laid ;
Meshed in a horrible net,
And baited villainous well,
Right in our path were set
Three hundred traps of hell !

And there, O sight forlorn !
There, while the cannon
Hurtled and thundered, —
(Ah, what ill raven
Flapped o'er the ship that morn !)

Caught by the under-death,
 In the drawing of a breath,
 Down went dauntless Craven,
 He and his hundred !

A moment we saw her turret,
 A little heel she gave,
 And a thin white spray went o'er her,
 Like the crest of a breaking wave ;
 In that great iron coffin,
 The channel for their grave,
 The fort their monument
 (Seen afar in the offing),
 Ten fathom deep lie Craven
 And the bravest of our brave.

Then, in that deadly track,
 A little the ships held back,
 Closing up in their stations :
 There are minutes that fix the fate
 Of battles and of nations
 (Christening the generations),
 When valor were all too late,
 If a moment's doubt be harbored ;
 From the maintop, bold and brief,
 Came the word of our grand old Chief, —
 “ Go on ! ” — 'twas all he said ;
 Our helm was put to the starboard,
 And the Hartford passed ahead.

Ahead lay the Tennessee, —
 On our starboard bow he lay,

With his mail-clad consorts three
 (The rest had run up the Bay), —
 There he was, belching flame from his bow,
 And the steam from his throat's abyss
 Was a Dragon's maddened hiss, —
 In sooth a most cursèd craft ! —
 In a sullen ring, at bay,
 By the Middle Ground they lay,
 Raking us, fore and aft.

Trust me, our berth was hot,
 Ah, wickedly well they shot ;
 How their death-bolts howled and stung !
 And the water-batteries played
 With their deadly cannonade
 Till the air around us rung ;
 So the battle raged and roared --
 Ah, had you been aboard
 To have seen the fight we made !
 How they leaped, the tongues of flame,
 From the cannon's fiery lip !
 How the broadsides, deck and frame,
 Shook the great ship !

And how the enemy's shell
 Came crashing, heavy and oft,
 Clouds of splinters flying aloft
 And falling in oaken showers :
 But ah, the pluck of the crew !
 Had you stood on that deck of ours,
 You had seen what men may do.

Still, as the fray grew louder,
Boldly they worked and well,—
Steadily came the powder,
Steadily came the shell.
And if tackle or truck found hurt,
Quickly they cleared the wreck ;
And the dead were laid to port,
All a-row, on our deck.

Never a nerve that failed,
Never a cheek that paled,
Not a tinge of gloom or pallor :
There was bold Kentucky's grit,
And the old Virginian valor,
And the daring Yankee wit.

There were blue eyes from turf Shannon,
There were black orbs from palmy Niger,—
But there alongside the cannon,
Each man fought like a tiger !

A little, once, it looked ill,
Our consort began to burn ;
They quenched the flames with a will,
But our men were falling still,
And still the fleet was astern.

Right abreast of the Fort
In an awful shroud they lay,
Broadsides thundering away,
And lightning from every port,—
Scene of glory and dread !

A storm-cloud all aglow
 With flashes of fiery red ;
 The thunder raging below,
 And the forest of flags o'erhead !

So grand the hurly and roar,
 So fiercely their broadsides blazed,
 The regiments fighting ashore
 Forgot to fire as they gazed.

There, to silence the foe,
 Moving grimly and slow,
 They loomed in that deadly wreath,
 Where the darkest batteries frowned, —
 Death in the air all round,
 And the black torpedoes beneath !

And now, as we looked ahead,
 All for'ard, the long white deck
 Was growing a strange dull red ;
 But soon, as once and agen

Fore and aft we sped
 (The firing to guide or check),
 You could hardly choose but tread
 On the ghastly human wreck, .
 (Dreadful gobbet and shred
 That a minute ago were men !)

Red, from mainmast to bitts !
 Red, on bulwark and wale !
 Red, by combing and hatch !
 Red, o'er netting and rail !

And ever, with steady con,
 The ship forged slowly by ;
 And ever the crew fought on,
 And their cheers rang loud and high.

Grand was the sight to see
 How by their guns they stood,
 Right in front of our dead
 Fighting square abreast —
 Each brawny arm and chest
 All spotted with black and red, —
 Chrism of fire and blood !

Worth our watch, dull and sterile,
 Worth all the weary time ;
 Worth the woe and the peril,
 To stand in that strait sublime !

Fear ? A forgotten form !
 Death ? A dream of the eyes !
 We were atoms in God's great storm
 That roared through the angry skies.

One only doubt was ours,
 One only dread we knew :
 Could the day that dawned so well
 Go down for the Darker Powers ?
 Would the fleet get through ?
 And ever the shot and shell
 Came with the howl of hell,
 The splinter-clouds rose and fell,
 And the long line of corpses grew :
 Would the fleet win through ?

They are men that never will fail,
 (How aforetime they 've fought !)
 But Murder may yet prevail,—
 They may sink as Craven sank.
 Therewith one hard fierce thought,
 Burning on heart and lip,
 Ran like fire through the ship :
 Fight her, to the last plank !

A dimmer Renown might strike
 If Death lay square alongside ;
 But the Old Flag has no like,
 She must fight, whatever betide :
 When the war is a tale of old,
 And this day's story is told,
 They shall hear how the Hartford died !

But as we ranged ahead,
 And the leading ships worked in,
 Losing their hope to win,
 The enemy turned and fled :
 And one seeks a shallow reach,
 And another, winged in her flight,
 Our mate, brave Jouett, brings in ;
 And one, all torn in the fight,
 Runs for a wreck on the beach,
 Where her flames soon fire the night.

And the Ram,—when well up the Bay,
 And we looked that our stems should meet
 (He had us fair for a prey),
 Shifting his helm midway,
 Sheered off, and ran for the fleet ;

There, without skulking or sham,
He fought them, gun for gun,
And ever he sought to ram,
But could finish never a one.

From the first of the iron shower
Till we sent our parting shell,
'T was just one savage hour
Of the roar and the rage of hell.
With the lessening smoke and thunder,
Our glasses around we aim,—
What is that burning yonder?
Our Philippi—aground and in flame!

Below, 't was still all a-roar,
As the ships went by the shore,
But the fire of the fort had slacked
(So fierce their volleys had been);
And now, with a mighty din,
The whole fleet came grandly in,
Though sorely battered and wracked.

So, up the Bay we ran,
The Flag to port and ahead,
And a pitying rain began
To wash the lips of our dead.
A league from the fort we lay,
And deemed that the end must lag;
When lo! looking down the Bay,
There flaunted the Rebel Rag:
The Ram is again under way,
And heading dead for the Flag!

Steering up with the stream,
 Boldly his course he lay,
 Though the fleet all answered his fire,
 And, as he still drew nigher,
 Ever on bow and beam
 Our Monitors pounded away,—
 How the Chickasaw hammered away !

Quickly breasting the wave,
 Eager the prize to win,
 First of us all the brave
 Monongahela went in,
 Under full head of steam ;
 Twice she struck him abeam,
 Till her stem was a sorry work ;
 (She might have run on a crag !)
 The Lackawanna hit fair ;
 He flung her aside like cork,—
 And still he held for the Flag.

High in the mizzen-shroud
 (Lest the smoke his sight o'erwhelm),
 Our Admiral's voice rang loud :
 " Hard-a-starboard your helm !
 Starboard ! and run him down ! ”
 Starboard it was ; and so,
 Like a black squall's lifting frown,
 Our mighty bow bore down
 On the iron beak of the Foe.

We stood on the deck together,
 Men that had looked on death

In battle and stormy weather;
 Yet a little we held our breath,
 When, with the hush of death,
 The great ships drew together.

Our Captain strode to the bow,
 Drayton, courtly and wise,
 Kindly cynic, and wise,
 (You hardly had known him now,—
 The flame of fight in his eyes !)
 His brave heart eager to feel
 How the oak would tell on the steel !

But, as the space grew short,
 A little he seemed to shun us ;
 Out peered a form grim and lanky,
 And a voice yelled : “ Hard-a-port !
 Hard-a-port !—here’s the damned Yankee
 Coming right down on us !”

He sheered, but the ships ran foul ;
 With a gnarring shudder and growl,

He gave us a deadly gun ;
 But, as he passed in his pride,
 (Rasping right alongside !)

The Old Flag, in thunder-tones,
 Poured in her port broadside,
 Rattling his iron hide,
 And cracking his timber bones !

Just then, at speed on the ‘Foe,
 With her bow all weathered and brown,
 The great Lackawanna came down

Full tilt for another blow:
 We were forging ahead,
 She reversed; but, for all our pains,
 Rammed the old Hartford instead,
 Just for'ard the mizzen-chains!

Ah! how the masts did buckle and bend,
 And the stout hull ring and reel,
 As she took us right on end!
 (Vain were engine and wheel,—
 She was under full steam),—
 With the roar of a thunder-stroke
 Her two thousand tons of oak
 Brought up on us, right abeam!

A wreck, as it looked, we lay;
 (Rib and plankshear gave way
 To the stroke of that giant wedge!)
 Here, after all, we go;
 The old ship is gone! — ah, no,
 But cut to the water's edge.

Never mind then; at him again!
 His flurry now can't last long;
 He'll never again see land;
 Try that on him, Marchand!
 On him again, brave Strong!

Heading square at the hulk,
 Full on his beam we bore;
 But the spine of the huge Sea-Hog
 Lay on the tide like a log,—
 He vomited flame no more.

By this he had found it hot :
 Half the fleet, in an angry ring,
 Closed round the hideous thing,
 Hammering with solid shot,
 And bearing down, bow on bow —
 He has but a minute to choose ;
 Life or renown ? — which now
 Will the Rebel Admiral lose ?

Cruel, haughty, and cold,
 He ever was strong and bold, —
 Shall he shrink from a wooden stem ?
 He will think of that brave band
 He sank in the Cumberland :
 Ay, he will sink like them.

Nothing left but to fight
 Boldly his last sea-fight !
 Can he strike ? By Heaven, 't is true !
 Down comes the traitor Blue,
 And up goes the captive White !

Up went the White ! Ah, then,
 The hurrahs that, once and agen,
 Rang from three thousand men,
 All flushed and savage with fight !
 Our dead lay cold and stark,
 But our dying, down in the dark,
 Answered as best they might, —
 Lifting their poor lost arms,
 And cheering for God and Right !

* * *

Henry Howard Brownell.

Mount Mitchell, N. C.

THE MOUNTAIN BURIAL.

THE Rev. Dr. Mitchell, Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology in the University of North Carolina, lost his life in a scientific exploration of the Black Mountain, the highest land east of the Mississippi. When discovered in a stream, where, during the mists of evening, and the darkness of a sudden thunder-storm, he had fallen over a precipice of forty feet, he held in his hand a broken branch of laurel. He was interred on Mount Mitchell, June 16, 1858.

WHERE is he, Mountain-Spirit?
W Dread Mountain-Spirit, say !
That honored Son of Science
Who dared thy shrouded way ?
O giant Firs ! whose branches
In gloomy grandeur meet,
Did ye his steps imprison
Within your dark retreat ?

Ye Mists, and muffled Thunders
That robe yourselves in black,
Have you his steps deluded
To wander from the track ?
Make answer ! — Have ye seen him ?
For hearts with fear are bowed,
And torches like the wandering stars
Gleam out above the cloud.

Sound, hunter's horn ! — Haste, Mountaineers !
Lo, on the yielding fern,

Are these his footprints o'er the ledges?
 Will he no more return?
 He cometh! — How? — Like marble,
 Forth from its quarried bed, —
 With dripping locks, and rigid brow,
 The sculpture of the dead.

O'er that deep, watery mirror,
 With sweetly pensive grace
 The graceful Rhododendron leaned
 To look upon his face,
 While, mid the slippery gorges
 Those blushing laurels stand,
 Which, faithless, like the broken reed,
 Betrayed his grasping hand.

No crystal in its hermit-bed,
 No strata of the dales,
 No stranger-plant, or noteless vine,
 In Carolinian vales,
 No shell upon her shore,
 No ivy on her wall,
 No wingèd bird, or reptile form,
 But he could name them all.

So Nature hath rewarded him
 Who loved her sacred lore,
 With such a pillow of repose
 As man ne'er had before,
 A monument that biddeth
 Old Egypt's glory hide,

With all her kingly pyramids,
In all their mole-hill pride.

Up!—up!—courageous mountaineers,—
Each nerve and sinew strain,—
For what ye do from love this day
Ye ne'er shall do again;
From beetling crag to summit,
So ominous and steep,
They force their venturous way, where scarce
The chamois dares to leap.

There, many thousand feet above
Atlantic's surging height,
Prelate and priest, with lifted hands
Invoked the God of Might,
And then that cloud-encircled cliff
Unlocked its granite breast,
And with a strong and close embrace
The manly form comprest:

So, in thy sepulchre of rock,
Follower of Jesus, rest,
Serene, approachless, and sublime,—
Until the mountain crest
Shall redden with the fires of doom,
And Earth restore her dead!
Then joyful leave thy Pisgah tomb,
The promised land to tread.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

Mount Tryon, N. C.

THE MOUNTAIN WINDS.

I SATE upon the lofty Tryon's brow,
While yet the sun was struggling up the east;
Broad was the realm around, fragrant below
The plains, with summer fruits and flowers increased.
The soul and eye were at perpetual feast
On beauty; and the exquisite repose
Of nature, from the striving world released,
Taught me forgetfulness of mortal throes,
Life's toils, and all the cares that wait on mortal woes.

Never was day more cloudless in the sky,
Never the earth more beautiful in view:
Rose-hued, the mountain-summits gathered high,
And the green forests shared the purple hue;
Midway the little pyramids, all blue,
Stood robed for ceremonial, as the sun
Rose gradual in his grandeur, till he grew
Their God, and sovereign devotion won,
Lighting the loftiest towers as at a service done.

Nor was the service silent; for the choir
Of mountain winds took up the solemn sense
Of that great advent of the central fire,
And poured rejoicing as in recompense:
One hardly knew their place of birth, or whence
Their coming; but through gorges of the hills,
Swift stealing, yet scarce breathing, they went thence

To gather on the plain, which straightway thrills
With mightiest strain that soon the whole wide em-
pire fills.

From gloomy caverns of the Cherokee;
From gorges of Saluda; from the groves
Of laurel, stretching far as eye may see,
In valleys of Iselica; from great coves
Of Tensas, where the untamed panther roves,
The joyous and exulting winds troop forth,—
Singing the mountain strain that freedom loves,—
A wild but generous song of eagle birth,
That summons, far and near, the choral strains of
earth.

They come from height and plain, from mount and sea,—
They gather in their strength, and, from below,
Sweep upwards to the heights,—an empire free,
Marching with pomp and music,—a great show
Triumphal,—like an ocean in its flow,
Glorious in roar and billow, as it breaks
O'er earth's base barriers: first, ascending slow,
The mighty march its stately progress takes,
But, rushing with its rise, its roar the mountain shakes.

* * *

Anonymous.

Mount Vernon, Va.

MOUNT VERNON.

WRITTEN AT MOUNT VERNON, AUGUST, 1786.

BY broad Potomac's azure tide,
Where Vernon's mount, in sylvan pride,
 Displays its beauties far,
Great Washington, to peaceful shades,
Where no unhallowed wish invades,
 Retired from fields of war.

Angels might see, with joy, the sage,
Who taught the battle where to rage,
 Or quenched its spreading flame,
On works of peace employ that hand,
Which waved the blade of high command,
 And hewed the path to fame.

Let others sing his deeds in arms,
A nation saved, and conquest's charms :
 Posterity shall hear,
'T was mine, returned from Europe's courts,
To share his thoughts, partake his sports,
 And soothe his partial ear.

To thee, my friend, these lays belong :
Thy happy seat inspires my song,
 With gay, perennial blooms,
With fruitage fair, and cool retreats,
Whose bowery wilderness of sweets
 The ambient air perfumes.

Here spring its earliest buds displays,
 Here latest on the leafless sprays
 The plumpy people sing ;
 The vernal shower, the ripening year,
 The autumnal store, the winter drear,
 For thee new pleasures bring.

Here, lapped in philosophic ease,
 Within thy walks, beneath thy trees,
 Amidst thine ample farms,
 No vulgar converse heroes hold,
 But past or future scenes unfold,
 Or dwell on nature's charms.

What wondrous era have we seen,
 Placed on this isthmus, half between
 A rude and polished state !
 We saw the war tempestuous rise,
 In arms a world, in blood the skies,
 In doubt an empire's fate.

The storm is calmed, serened the heaven,
 And mildly o'er the climes of even
 Expands the imperial day :
 " O God, the source of light supreme,
 Shed on our dusky morn a gleam,
 To guide our doubtful way !

" Restrain, dread Power, our land from crimes !
 What seeks, though blest beyond all times,
 So querulous an age ?
 What means to freedom such disgust;

Of change, of anarchy the lust,
The fickleness and rage?"

So spake his country's friend, with sighs,
To find that country still despise
The legacy he gave,—
And half he feared his toils were vain,
And much that man would court a chain,
And live through vice a slave.

A transient gloom o'ercast his mind;
Yet, still on providence reclined,
The patriot fond believed,
That power benign too much had done,
To leave an empire's task begun,
Imperfectly achieved.

Thus buoyed with hope, with virtue blest,
Of every human bliss possessed,
He meets the happier hours:
His skies assume a lovelier blue,
His prospects brighter rise to view,
And fairer bloom his flowers.

David Humphreys.

MOUNT VERNON.

O TIME! whose wing untiring sweeps the world!
Still sounding onward in that stayless flight,—
Unseen, yet mightily, as when first unfurled
In the young morning of creation's light,—
How hast thou shaken from thy pinion here,

Over the work of man thy storm of change !
 Where a whole people bends in prayer and tear,
 O'er memories beyond words, — so deep ! — so
 strange !

Where, as around some hallowed altar-place,
 We gather, to call back the glory of our days !

Years, ye are reckless, as in pomp ye pass,
 With your dim company of Death and Woe, —
 Bowing a generation as the grass,
 Whose ranks scarce blossom ere they meet the blow
 That levels them to earth ! — How stern ye tread
 On your long pilgrimage to that far land,
 Where ye, in turn, bow with the shadowy dead, —
 Of things that joy us not the voiceless band !
 Yet as ye pass, how marked your footsteps fall
 On all that circles us, — from cradle to the pall !

The hovel and the palace, — the loud hall,
 Where wealth holds holiday, in feast and song ;
 And the gray cloister, with its echoes, — all
 Sound to thy pinions, as they swoop along,
 Insatiate Time ! — Alike on mount and vale,
 On the low cottage, and the cloudy tower,
 Is written still the melancholy tale
 Of thy unfaltering progress and thy power ! —
 That power that owns not mercy or appeal,
 Stamping mortality with its eraseless seal.

And here, where, hadst thou felt one thought of earth,
 Thy footsteps had fallen lightly, and thy hand

Had lain with holier touch than marks the mirth
 With which it scars the pride of every land, —
 Here, where — as round arches of some fane
 Virtue has made immortal — dull decay
 Has struggled yet with memory in vain,
 While lesser things of earth have passed away, —
 Here, as o'er temples of some heathen sky,
 Hast thou cast wide the shadow of thy revelry !

Ruin is written on these sacred walls !
 It sounds with every footfall, and its tone,
 Like melancholy music, through these halls
 Echoes to every whisper, low, and lone !
 The voice of other years uplifts around,
 And to our pilgrim spirit, as we tread,
 It comes like some remembered dream of sound
 From the unfathomed mansions of the dead !
 Ruin ! — no other accent meets the ear !
 Time ! frown no more on earth, — thy empirage is here !

But thou rememberest while a world forgets, —
 Thy seal is stamped upon the hallowed place,
 Where, though a light is round that never sets,
 And memory lingers, measured by no days,
 With Freedom's children, — hearts that cannot die ! —
 Yet does a people from its capitol
 Look with unstartled pulse on that decay !
 Hear the unheeded fragments as they fall,
 Nor ask what glory there may be to save
 The shrine to which it bows, from darkness and the
 grave !

Great Father of thy country!—if 't is given,
 Over its picture with an angel's eye
 To gaze from the broad watch-towers of thy heaven,—
 How shall these blackening lines of apathy
 Strike on thy vision! Shall ingratitude
 To one whose life a people did redeem,
 First strike thy spirit? While o'er wrongs they
 brood,
 Like hoarding misers o'er some golden dream,
 Sparing that noble justice, which no shame
 Can summon to obey,—and give the land to Fame?

O look not,—look not from thy throne of stars
 Upon thy purchased world!—so bravely won!
 There is a shadow that its radiance mars,
 Deeper than the eclipse that drowns the sun!
 Look not upon thy country!—she has bowed
 From that great pinnacle of glory down,
 Where thou didst place her, and a voice aloud
 Proclaims her loftier pride and beauty flown,—
 Look not upon thy country! until she
 Recalls, with kindling thought, her destiny and thee!

I stood upon the threshold of that home
 Where he was gathered to his dreamless sleep!
 Above me rose no tower or sculptured dome,
 But a strange quietness that makes you weep
 Was round me like an atmosphere. I heard
 That mocking of my footsteps through the hall,
 And faint returnings of each whispered word,
 Which on the listener like a trump will fall,

Though humble be the home and hearth he tread,
O'er which the desolating wings of Time have sped !

I stood upon that threshold. The far voice
Of the low, chanting winds was in my ear,
And my heart leaped within me, as with joys,
When I bethought me of past glories here,
And seemed to read its story in that sound,
As syllabled by beings of the air,
Who swept unseen on silent wings around,
And held their ceaseless court of memory there !
Spirits that sentinelled that quiet mount,
And lingered as about some lone and magic fount.

* * *

Grenville Mellen.



New Orleans, La.

THE RIVER FIGHT.

D^O you know of the dreary land,
If land such region may seem,
Where 't is neither sea nor strand,
Ocean nor good dry land,
But the nightmare marsh of a dream ?
Where the Mighty River his death-road takes,
Mid pools and windings that coil like snakes,
A hundred leagues of bayous and lakes,
To die in the great Gulf Stream ?

No coast-line clear and true,
 Granite and deep-sea blue,
 On that dismal shore you pass,
 Surf-worn boulder or sandy beach,—
 But ooze-flats as far as the eye can reach,
 With shallows of water-grass ;
 Reedy savannas, vast and dun,
 Lying dead in the dim March sun ;
 Huge rotting trunks and roots that lie
 Like the blackened bones of shapes gone by,
 And miles of sunken morass.

No lovely, delicate thing
 Of life o'er the waste is seen ;
 But the cayman, couched by his weedy spring,
 And the pelican, bird unclean,
 Or the buzzard, flapping with heavy wing,
 Like an evil ghost o'er the desolate scene.

Ah ! many a weary day
 With our leader there we lay,
 In the sultry haze and smoke,
 Tugging our ships o'er the bar,
 Till the spring was wasted far,
 Till his brave heart almost broke.
 For the sullen river seemed
 As if our intent he dreamed,—
 All his shallow mouths did spew and choke.

But ere April fully passed,
 All ground was over at last,
 And we knew the die was cast,—

Knew the day drew nigh
To dare to the end one stormy deed,
Might save the land at her sorest need,
Or on the old deck to die !

* * *

Would you hear of the River Fight ?
It was two of a soft spring night ;
God's stars looked down on all ;
And all was clear and bright
But the low fog's clinging breath :
Up the River of Death
Sailed the Great Admiral.

On our high poop-deck he stood,
And round him ranged the men
Who have made their birthright good
Of manhood once and again, —
Lords of helm and of sail,
Tried in tempest and gale,
Bronzed in battle and wreck.
Bell and Bailey grandly led
Each his line of the Blue and Red ;
Wainwright stood by our starboard rail ;
Thornton fought the deck.

And I mind me of more than they,
Of the youthful, steadfast ones,
That have shown them worthy sons
Of the seamen passed away.
Tyson conned our helm that day ;
Watson stood by his guns.

What thought our Admiral then,
Looking down on his men?
Since the terrible day,—
(Day of renown and tears !)
When at anchor the Essex lay,
Holding her foes at bay,—
When a boy by Porter's side he stood,
Till deck and plank-shear were dyed with blood :
'T is half a hundred years,—
Half a hundred years to a day !

Who could fail with him ?
Who reckon of life or limb ?
Not a pulse but beat the higher !
There had you seen, by the starlight dim,
Five hundred faces strong and grim :
The Flag is going under fire !
Right up by the fort, with her helm hard aport,
The Hartford is going under fire !

The way to our work was plain.
Caldwell had broken the chain,
(Two hulks swung down amain
Soon as 't was sundered).
Under the night's dark blue,
Steering steady and true,
Ship after ship went through,
Till, as we hove in view,
“ Jackson ” out-thundered.

Back echoed “ Philip ! ” Ah ! then
Could you have seen our men,

How they sprung, in the dim night haze,
To their work of toil and of clamor!
How the boarders, with sponge and rammer,
And their captains, with cord and hammer,
Kept every muzzle ablaze.
How the guns, as with cheer and shout
Our tackle-men hurled them out,
Brought up on the water-ways!

First, as we fired at their flash,
'T was lightning and black eclipse,
With a bellowing roll and crash.
But soon, upon either bow,
What with forts, and fire-rafts, and ships
(The whole fleet was hard at it, now),
All pounding away! — and Porter
Still thundering with shell and mortar, --
'T was the mighty sound and form!

(Such you see in the far South,
After long heat and drought,
As day draws nigh to even,
Arching from north to south,
Blinding the tropic sun,
The great black bow comes on,
Till the thunder-veil is riven, —
When all is crash and levin,
And the cannonade of heaven
Rolls down the Amazon!)

But, as we worked along higher,
Just where the river enlarges,

Down came a pyramid of fire,—
It was one of your long coal barges.
(We had often had the like before.)
'T was coming down on us to larboard,
Well in with the eastern shore;
And our pilot, to let it pass round
(You may guess we never stopped to sound),
Giving us a rank sheer to starboard,
Ran the Flag hard and fast aground !

'T was nigh abreast of the Upper Fort,
And straightway a rascal Ram
(She was shaped like the Devil's dam)
Puffed away for us, with a snort,
And shoved it, with spiteful strength,
Right alongside of us to port.
It was all of our ship's length,—
A huge crackling Cradle of the Pit !
Pitch-pine knots to the brim,
Belching flame red and grim,—
What a roar came up from it !

Well, for a little it looked bad:
But these things are, somehow, shorter
In the acting than in the telling ;
There was no singing out or yelling,
Or any fussing and fretting,
No stampede, in short ;
But there we were, my lad,
All afire on our port quarter,
Hammocks ablaze in the netting,
Flame spouting in at every port,

Our Fourth Cutter burning at the davit
(No chance to lower away and save it).

In a twinkling the flames had risen
Half-way to maintop and mizzen,
Darting up the shrouds like snakes !
Ah, how we clanked at the brakes,
And the deep steaming-pumps throbbed under,
Sending a ceaseless flow.

Our top-men, a dauntless crowd,
Swarmed in rigging and shroud :
There, ('t was a wonder !)
The burning ratlines and strands
They quenched with their bare, hard hands ;
But the great guns below
Never silenced their thunder !

At last, by backing and sounding,
When we were clear of grounding,
And under headway once more,
The whole rebel fleet came rounding
The point. If we had it hot before,
'T was now, from shore to shore,
One long, loud thundering roar,—
Such crashing, splintering, and pounding,
And smashing as you never heard before !

But that we fought foul wrong to wreck,
And to save the land we loved so well,
You might have deemed our long gun-deck
Two hundred feet of hell !

For above all was battle,
 Broadside, and blaze, and rattle,
 Smoke and thunder alone ;
 (But, down in the sick-bay,
 Where our wounded and dying lay,
 There was scarce a sob or a moan.)
 And at last, when the dim day broke,
 And the sullen sun awoke,
 Drearly blinking
 O'er the haze and the cannon-smoke,
 That ever such morning dulls, —
 There were thirteen traitor hulls
 On fire and sinking !

Now, up the river! — though mad Chalmette
 Sputters a vain resistance yet.
 Small helm we gave her, our course to steer, —
 'Twas nicer work than you well would dream,
 With cant and sheer to keep her clear
 Of the burning wrecks that cumbered the stream.

The Louisiana, hurled on high,
 Mounts in thunder to meet the sky !
 Then down to the depths of the turbid flood, —
 Fifty fathom of rebel mud !
 The Mississippi comes floating down,
 A mighty bonfire, from off the town ;
 And along the river, on stocks and ways,
 A half-hatched devil's brood is ablaze, —
 The great Anglo-Norman is all in flames,
 (Hark to the roar of her tumbling frames !)

And the smaller fry that Treason would spawn
Are lighting Algiers-like an angry dawn !

From stem to stern, how the pirates burn,
Fired by the furious hands that built !
So to ashes forever turn
The suicide wrecks of wrong and guilt !

But as we neared the city,
By field and vast plantation,
(Ah, millstone of our Nation !)
With wonder and with pity,
What crowds we there espied
Of dark and wistful faces,
Mute in their toiling places,
Strangely and sadly eyed.
Haply, mid doubt and fear,
Deeming deliverance near.
(One gave the ghost of a cheer.)

And on that dolorous strand,
To greet the victor brave
One flag did welcome wave,—
Raised, ah me ! by a wretched hand,
All outworn on our cruel land,—
The withered hand of a slave !

But all along the Levee,
In a dark and drenching rain
(By this, 't was pouring heavy),
Stood a fierce and sullen train.

A strange and frenzied time!
 There were scowling rage and pain,
 Curses howls, and hisses,
 Out of hate's black abysses,—
 Their courage and their crime
 All in vain,—all in vain!

* * *

Henry Howard Brownell.

Newport News, Va.

A NAMELESS GRAVE.

“A SOLDIER of the Union mustered out,”
 Is the inscription on an unknown grave
 At Newport News, beside the salt-sea wave,
 Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout
 Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout
 Of battle, when the loud artillery drove
 Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave
 And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt.
 Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea
 In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame
 I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,
 When I remember thou hast given for me
 All that thou hadst; thy life, thy very name,
 And I can give thee nothing in return.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Ocnee, the River, Ga.

OCONEE.

O CONEE ! in my tranquil slumbers,
At the silent dead of night,
Oft I see thy golden waters
 Flashing in the rosy light ;
And flashing brightly, gushing river,
 On the spirit of my dream,
As in moments fled forever,
 When I wandered by thy stream, —

A forest lad, a careless rover,
 Rising at the dawn of day,
With my dog and gun,—a hunter,
 Shouting o'er the hills away, —
And ever would my shoeless footprints
 Trace the shortest path to thee ;
There the plumpest squirrel ever
 Chuckled on the chestnut-tree.

And when, at noon, the sun of summer
 Glowed too fiercely from the sky,
On thy banks were bowers grateful
 To a rover such as I,
Among the forest branches woven
 By the richly scented vine,
Yellow jasmin, honeysuckle,
 And by creeping muscadine.

And there I lay in pleasant slumber,
 And the rushing of thy stream
 Ever made a gentle music,
 Blending softly with my dream,—
 My dream of her who near thy waters
 Grew beneath my loving eye,
 Fairest maid of Georgia's daughters,—
 Sweetest flower bencath her sky !

With snowy brow, and golden ringlets,
 Eyes that beggared heaven's blue,
 Voice as soft as summer streamlets,
 Lips as fresh as morning dew!—
 Although she played me oft the coquette,
 Dealing frowns and glances shy,
 These but made her smiles the dearer
 To a rover such as I.

What if the earth by fairer river
 Nursed more beauteous maid than she,—
 He had found a slow believer
 Who had told that tale to me;
 And sure I am, no knighted lover
 Truer faith to ladie bore,
 Than the little barefoot rover,
 Dreaming on thy pleasant shore.

The happiest hours of life are vanished;
 She has vanished with them, too!
 Other bright-eyed Georgia damsels
 Blossom where my lily grew;—

And yet the proudest, and the sweetest
 To my heart can never seem
 Lovely as the little Peri
 Mouldering by thy murmurous stream !

Henry R. Jackson.

Peaks of Otter, Va.

TO THE PEAKS OF OTTER.

FAIR are the sunset hues, thy dark brow blessing,
 O mountain, with their gift of golden rays ;
 And the few floating clouds, thy crest caressing,
 Seem guardian angels to my raptured gaze :
 I have looked on thee through the saddest tears
 That ever human sorrow taught to flow,
 And thou wilt come, in life's recalling years,
 Linked with the memory of my deepest woe.

Yet well I love thee, in thy silent mystery,
 Thy purple shadows and thy glowing light, —
 Thou art to me a most poetic history
 Of stillest beauty and of stormiest might :
 I owe thee, O sublime and solemn mountain,
 For many hours of vision and of thought,
 For pleasant draughts from fancy's gushing fountain,
 For bright illusions by thy presence brought.

And more I thank thee, for the deeper learning
 That soothes my spirit as I look on thee,

For thou hast laid upon my soul's wild yearning
The holy spell of thy tranquillity :
I shall recall thee with a long regretting,
And often pine to see thy brow, in vain,
While Thought, returning, fond and unforgetting,
Will trace thy form in glory-tints again.

And thou, in thine experience, all material,
Wilt never know how worshipped thou hast been ;
No glimpses of the life that is ethereal
Shadow thy face, eternally serene !
Thou hast not felt the impulse of resistance, —
Thy lot has linked thee with the earth alone :
Thou art no traveller to a new existence,
Thou hast no future to be lost or won.

The past for thee contains no bitter fountain, —
Thou hast no onward mission to fulfil ;
And I would learn from thee, O silent mountain,
All things enduring, to be tranquil still !
And now, with that fond reverence of feeling
We owe whatever wakes our loftiest thought,
I can but offer thee, in faint revealing,
These idle thanks for all that thou hast brought.

Jane Tayloe Worthington.

Port Royal, S. C.

AT PORT ROYAL.

THE tent-lights glimmer on the land,
The ship-lights on the sea;
The night-wind smooths with drifting sand
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outslide,
Our good boats forward swing;
And while we ride the land-locked tide,
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts
Of music and of song:
The gold that kindly Nature sifts
Among his sands of wrong;

The power to make his toiling days
And poor home-comforts please;
The quaint relief of mirth that plays
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire
Has filled the West with light,
Where field and garner, barn and byre,
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,
The rout runs mad and fast;

From hand to hand, from gate to gate,
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across
Dark faces broad with smiles :
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss
That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,
They weave in simple lays
The pathos of remembered wrong,
The hope of better days,—

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,
The joy of uncaged birds :
Softening with Afric's mellow tongue
Their broken Saxon words.

SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMEN.

O, PRAISE an' tanks ! De Lord he come
To set de people free ;
An' massa tink it day ob doom,
An' we ob jubilee.
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves
He jus' as 'trong as den ;
He say de word : we las' night slaves ;
To-day, de Lord's freemen.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We 'll hab de rice an' corn ;
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn !

Ole massa on he trabbels gone ;
 He leaf de land behind ;
 De Lord's breff blow him furder on,
 Like corn-shuck in de wind.
 We own de hoe, we own de plough,
 We own de hands dat hold ;
 We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
 But nebber chile be sold.
 De Yam will grow, de cotton blow,
 We 'll hab de rice an' corn ;
 O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
 De driver blow his horn !

We pray de Lord : he gib us signs
 Dat some day we be free ;
 De norf-wind tell it to de pines,
 De wild-duck to de sea ;
 We tink it when de church-bell ring,
 We dream it in de dream ;
 De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
 De eagle when he scream.
 De Yam will grow, de cotton blow,
 We 'll hab de rice an' corn :
 O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
 De driver blow his horn !

We know de promise nebber fail,
 An' nebber lie de Word ;
 So like de 'postles in de jail,
 We waited for de Lord :
 An' now he open ebery door,
 An' trow away de key ;

He tink we lub him so before,
 We lub him better free.
 De Yam will grow, de cotton blow,
 He 'll gib de rice an' corn:
 O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
 De driver blow his horn!

So sing our dusky gondoliers;
 And with a secret pain,
 And smiles that seem akin to tears,
 We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,
 Nor yet his hope deny;
 We only know that God is just,
 And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song; each swarthy face,
 Flame-lighted, ruder still:
 We start to think that hapless race
 Must shape our good or ill;
 That laws of changeless justice bind
 Oppressor with oppressed;
 And, close as sin and suffering joined,
 We march to fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts! your chant shall be
 Our sign of blight or bloom,—
 The Vala-song of Liberty,
 Or death-rune of our doom!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Potomac, the River, Va.

THE PICKET-GUARD.

THE authorship of this poem has been attributed to different writers. The New York Evening Post says: "We have before us a note from Mr. H. M. Alden, the editor of Harper's Weekly, informing us that it was written by Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers, and originally contributed to Harper's Weekly."

A LL quiet along the Potomac, they say,
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'T is nothing: a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost,—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard,—for the army is sleeping.

There 's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,

And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,—
For their mother,—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips,—when low, murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle: “Ha! Mary, good by!”
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,—
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,—
The picket’s off duty forever.

Ethel Lynn Beers.

A POTOMAC PICTURE.

A LITTLE shallop floating slow along
The fair Potomac's tide,
The oarsman pausing for a simple song,
Sung softly at his side;—

A quaint, old-fashioned love-song, such as stirs
All tender souls, and thrills
To sudden youth the hearts of grandmothers,
Among New England's hills.

Great boughs of laurel garlanding the boat,
Won from the bloomy store
Of forests, lying purple and remote
Along the eastern shore.

Far off, the city and the growing dome
Of the fair Capitol,—
White and ethereal as the feathery foam
Fringing the oar-blade's fall.

A fort looks down in silence from the hill,
Holding its fiery breath,
As loath to mar the peace so sweet and still
By any thought of death.

The blossomed fruit-trees drape the frowning walls,
Disputing all their gloom,
And on the pyramids of cannon-balls
Drops the white chestnut-bloom.

The mounted guns, all threatening and grim,
 Speak not their thunderous words,—
 And in and out among their muzzles skim,
 Unscared, the meadow birds.

In the horizon waits one patient star,
 A sphere of silver white,
 While the full moon, above the hill-tops far,
 Slow reddens into sight.

* * *

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

BY THE POTOMAC.

THE soft new grass is creeping o'er the graves
 By the Potomac; and the crisp ground-flower
 Lifts its blue cup to catch the passing shower;
 The pine-cone ripens, and the long moss waves
 Its tangled gonfalons above our braves.
 Hark, what a burst of music from yon bower!—
 The Southern nightingale that, hour by hour,
 In its melodious summer madness raves.
 Ah, with what delicate touches of her hand,
 With what sweet voices, Nature seeks to screen
 The awful Crime of this distracted land,—
 Sets her birds singing, while she spreads her green
 Mantle of velvet where the Murdered lie,
 As if to hide the horror from God's eye.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

NIGHT SCENE.

'T IS midnight! — through the dusky pines
The night-wind faintly sighs, — the dew
Just twinkles on the leaf, as shines
The starlight from its home of blue:
Around how calm! above how clear!
No murmur wakes an echo here.

The broad deep river noiseless flows,
The ripple on the shore expires
Without a sound, — its bosom glows,
Another sky with all its fires,
And glasses purely, deeply down
Night's raven brow and starry crown.

Far down the winding silent bay
Where wave and sky uniting sweep
In darker lines, a trembling ray
Comes gleaning o'er the mirrored deep;
Bright, bright amid the horizon's gloom
It glows like hope above the tomb!

Through many a wild and stormy night,
Amid the tempest's gathering war
And hissing wrath, that Cresset's light
Above the surge has beamed, — a star
To cheer the seaman's eye, when dark
And dashing billows smote his bark.

But thus, when heaven and earth are still,
And e'en yon snowy wild swan's cry

Is hushed,— no echo from the hill,
And winds are sleeping in the sky,—
How pure that midnight beacon glows,
The brooding spirit of repose !

But see ! — yon eastern blood-red streaks
Deepening along night's starry band !
Slow rising o'er the wood-crowned peaks,
Whose shadows sweep the distant strand,
Peers forth the queen of night,— but now
The crown is fading on her brow.

Her glance is on the deep, — so dim
And joyless o'er the blue wave bending,
You scarce may mark on ocean's brim
Yon white sail with the sea-mist blending;
Away ! — how pale its light wing flies,
Like some pure spirit of the skies !

Lone lovely night ! in hours like this,
To heaven first rose my raptured eye ;
And pictured forms in dreams of bliss
Came floating through the shadowy sky ;
Gay dreams of youth ! — they could not stay,
But fled like yon lone sail away !

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Asa Moore Bolles.

Rappahannock, the River, Va.

MUSIC IN CAMP.

TWO armies covered hill and plain
Where Rappahannock's waters
Run deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure,
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down,
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted,

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender:
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,

Had just struck up with flute and horn,
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band,
With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles:
Loud shrieked the swarming "boys in blue"
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot.
No shout upon the evening rang:
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
All silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Of blue or gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him,
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
And daylight died together;

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still mid war's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of nature.

Reedy River, S. C.

THE FALLS.

THE sun looked o'er the eastern steep,
 Where mountain breezes freely sweep,
 To greet the hurrying flood,
 That breaks in many a foamy line,
 Breaks, but to laughingly combine
 In sweet, coquettish mood.

We stood upon the shelving shore,
 With scenes of beauty spread before,
 Touched by the master's hand,—
 The glancing light, the sparkling dew,
 The living green, the upper blue,
 The mountains old and grand.

The dancing waters at our feet
 Stayed not, our eager souls to greet,
 But ever hastened on.
 They sparkled in the morning light
 One moment, then were lost to sight,
 Gone! ah, forever gone!

This life is but a restless stream,
 And fitful lights may sometimes gleam
 Where shadows soon must be;
 Stern rocks will break the silent flow,
 And fret the waters as they go
 To that eternal sea.

Richmond, Va.

IN LIBBY PRISON, NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1863-64.

TIS twelve o'clock ! Within my prison dreary,
 My head upon my hand, sitting so weary,
 Scanning the future, musing on the past,
 Pondering the fate that here my lot has cast,
 The hoarse cry of the sentry on his beat
 Wakens the echoes of the silent street, —
 “ All 's well ! ”

Ah ! is it so ? My fellow-captive sleeping
 Where the barred window strictest watch is keeping,
 Dreaming of home and wife and prattling child,
 Of the sequestered vale, the mountain wild, —
 Tell me, when cruel morn shall break again,
 Wilt thou repeat the sentinel's refrain,
 “ All 's well ! ”

And thou, my country ! Wounded, pale, and bleeding,
 Thy children deaf to a fond mother's pleading,
 Stabbing with cruel hate the nurturing breast
 To which their infancy in love was prest, —
 Recount thy wrongs, thy many sorrows name,
 Then to the nations, if thou canst, proclaim,
 “ All 's well ! ”

But through the clouds the sun is slowly breaking ;
 Hope from her long deep sleep is re-awaking :
 Speed the time, Father ! when the bow of peace,

Spanning the gulf, shall bid the tempest cease,
When foemen, clasping each other by the hand,
Shall shout once more, in a united land,

“All’s well!”

F. A. Bartleson.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

TAKE that banner down, 't is weary;
Round its staff 't is drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, let it rest;
For there's not a man to wave it,
For there's not a sword to save it,
In the blood that heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it:
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take that banner down, 't is tattered,—
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 't is hard for us to fold it!
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard, for those who once unrolled it,
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner, furl it sadly;
Once six millions hailed it gladly,
And ten thousand wildly, madly
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever;

And that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low ;
And that banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it,—
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it ;
Weep for those who fell before it ;
Pardon those who trail and tore it :
Oh, how wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so !

Furl that banner ! True, 't is gory ;
But 't is wreathed around with glory,
And 't will live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust ;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages :
Furl its folds, for now we must.

Furl that banner softly, slowly ;
Furl it gently,—it is holy,—
For it droops above the dead :
Touch it not,—unfurl it never,—
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are fled.

Anonymous.

Roanoke, Va.

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

O MOTHER EARTH! upon thy lap
Thy weary ones receiving,
And o'er them, silent as a dream,
Thy grassy mantle weaving,
Fold softly in thy long embrace
That heart so worn and broken,
And cool its pulse of fire beneath
Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word
And serpent hiss of scorning;
Nor let the storms of yesterday
Disturb his quiet morning.
Breathe over him forgetfulness
Of all save deeds of kindness,
And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,
Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and 'eye
He heard Potomac's flowing,
And, through his tall ancestral trees,
Saw autumn's sunset glowing,
He sleeps, — still looking to the west,
Beneath the dark wood shadow,
As if he still would see the sun
Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, Sage, and Tribune! — in himself
 All moods of mind contrasting, —
 The tenderest wail of human woe,
 The scorn-like lightning blasting;
 The pathos which from rival eyes
 Unwilling tears could summon,
 The stinging taunt, the fiery burst
 Of hatred scarcely human !

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower,
 From lips of life-long sadness ;
 Clear picturings of majestic thought
 Upon a ground of madness ;
 And over all Romance and Song
 A classic beauty throwing,
 And laurelled Clio at his side
 Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him : each in turn
 Beheld its schemes disjointed,
 As right or left his fatal glance
 And spectral finger pointed.
 Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down
 With trenchant wit unsparing,
 And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand
 The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign
 A love he never cherished,
 Beyond Virginia's border line
 His patriotism perished.

While others hailed in distant skies
Our eagle's dusky pinion,
He only saw the mountain bird
Stoop o'er his Old Dominion.

Still through each change of fortune strange,
Racked nerve, and brain all burning,
His loving faith in Mother-land
Knew never shade of turning ;
By Britain's lakes, by Neva's wave
Whatever sky was o'er him,
He heard her rivers' rushing sound,
Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal
No false and vain pretences,
Nor paid a lying priest to seek
For Scriptural defences.
His harshest words of proud rebuke,
His bitterest taunt and scorning,
Fell fire-like on the Northern brow
That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves ; yet kept the while
His reverence for the Human ;
In the dark vassals of his will
He saw but Man and Woman !
No hunter of God's outraged poor
His Roanoke valley entered ;
No trader in the souls of men
Across his threshold ventured.

And when the old and wearied man
Lay down for his last sleeping,
And at his side, a slave no more,
His brother-man stood weeping,
His latest thought, his latest breath,
To Freedom's duty giving,
With failing tongue and trembling hand
The dying blest the living.

Oh, never bore his ancient State
A truer son or braver!
None trampling with a calmer scorn
On foreign hate or favor.
He knew her faults, yet never stooped
His proud and manly feeling
To poor excuses of the wrong
Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer eye
The plague-spot o'er her spreading,
None heard more sure the steps of Doom
Along her future treading.
For her as for himself he spake,
When, his gaunt frame upbracing,
He traced with dying hand "Reinorse!"
And perished in the tracing.

As from the grave where Henry sleeps,
From Vernon's weeping willow,
And from the grassy pall which hides
The Sage of Monticello,
So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone
Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,

Virginia ! o'er thy land of slaves
 A warning voice is swelling !
 And hark ! from thy deserted fields
 Are sadder warnings spoken,
 From quenched hearths, where thy exiled sons
 Their household gods have broken.
 The curse is on thee, — wolves for men,
 And briers for corn-sheaves giving !
 On, more than all thy dead renown
 Were now one hero living !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Rodman's Point, N. C.

READY.

LOADED with gallant soldiers,
 A boat shot in to the land,
 And lay at the right of Rodman's Point,
 With her keel upon the sand.

Lightly, gayly, they came to shore,
 And never a man afraid ;
 When sudden the enemy opened fire,
 From his deadly ambuscade.

Each man fell flat on the bottom
 Of the boat ; and the captain said :
 " If we lie here, we all are captured,
 And the first who moves is dead ! "

Then out spoke a negro sailor,
 No slavish soul had he:
 "Somebody's got to die, boys,
 And it might as well be me!"

Firmly he rose, and fearlessly
 Stepped out into the tide;
 He pushed the vessel safely off,
 Then fell across her side:

Fell, pierced by a dozen bullets,
 As the boat swung clear and free;—
 But there was n't a man of them that day
 Who was fitter to die than he!

Phæbe Carey.



St. Augustine, Fla.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., was founded by the Spaniards in the year 1565. During the past three centuries it has been the scene of many sieges, and has been many times ravaged by the French, Indians, and Spanish. But little of the old city now remains; time and war have done their work. But its picturesque appearance and historic associations, added to its being the oldest town in North America, still invest it with great interest.

IN the realm of flowers, a perfumed land,
 Girt by the sea, by soft winds fanned,
 Ravaged by war in years grown old,
 Its former glory a tale long told,
 Stands the quaint old Spanish city.

The scene of many a hard-fought fight,
 Of many a siege, when Spanish might

Was o'er the land : in its decay
 It hath a beauty to live alway,
 That quaint old Spanish city.

There's a charm in the ancient narrow street,
 Where lovely dames erst walked to meet
 Cavaliers in the days gone by,
 When strife of valor and love ran high
 In the quaint old Spanish city.

* * *

There's a charm in the convent's crumbling wall ;
 In old cathedral with turret tall,
 With moss-grown roof and merry chime,
 Man outliving, defying time,
 In the quaint old Spanish city.

* * *

Anonymous.

DOLORES.

HER old boat loaded with oranges,
 Her baby tied on her breast,
 Minorean Dolores bends to her oars,
 Noting each reed on the slow-moving shores ;
 But the way is long, and the inlet wide,—
 Can two small hands overcome the tide
 Sweeping up into the west ?

Four little walls of coquina-stone,
 Rude thatch of palmetto leaves ;
 There have they nestled, like birds in a tree,
 From winter and labor and hunger free ;
 Taking from earth their small need, but no more,

No thought of the morrow, no laying in store,
No gathering patient sheaves.

Alone in their Southern island-home,
Through the year of summer days,
The two love on; and the bountiful beach
Clusters its sea-food within his reach;
The two love on, and the tropical land
Drops its wild fruit in her indolent hand,
And life is a sunshiny haze.

Luiz, Dolores, and baby brown,
With dreamy, passionate eyes,—
Far in the past, lured by Saxon wiles,
A simple folk came from the Spanish sea-isles,
Now, tinged with the blood of the Creole quadroon,
Their children live idly along the lagoon,
Under the Florida skies.

Luiz, Dolores, and baby brown,
Ah, their blossoming life of love!—
But fever falls with its withering blight:
Dolores keeps watch through the sultry night,
In vain her poor herbs, in vain her poor prayers,—
Her Luiz is mounting the spirit-winged stairs
That lead to her heaven above.

So, her old boat loaded with oranges,
Her baby tied on her breast,
Dolores rows off to the ancient town,
Where the blue-eyed soldiers come marching down
From the far cold North; they are men who know—

Thus Dolores thinks — how to cure all woe;
 Nay, their very touch is blest.

* * *

But the northern soldiers move steadily on,
 They hear not nor understand ;
 The last blue rank has passed down the street,
 She sees but the dust of their marching feet ;
 They have crossed a whole country by night and by day,
 And marked, with their blood, every step of the way,
 To conquer this Southern land.

They are gone—O despair ! she turns to the church,
 Half fainting, her fruit wet with tears ;
 “Perhaps the old saint, who is always there,
 May wake up and take them to pay for a prayer ;
 They are very sweet, as the saint will see,
 If he would but wake up, and listen to me :
 But he sleeps so, he never hears.”

She enters ; the church is filled with men,
 The pallid men of the North !
 Each dingy old pew is a sick man’s bed,
 Each battered old bench holds a weary head,
 The altar-candles are swept away
 For vials and knives in shining array,
 And a new saint is stepping forth !

He must be a saint, for he comes from the shrine,
 A saint of a Northern creed,—
 Clad in a uniform, — army blue,
 But surely the saints may wear any hue

Dolores thinks, as he takes her hands
And hears all her story, and understands
The cry of her desperate need.

An orange he gives to each weary man,
To freshen the fevered mouth,
Then forth they go down the old sea-wall,
And they hear in the dusk the picket's call;
The row-boat is moored on the shadowy shore,
The Northern saint can manage an oar,
And the boat glides fast to the south.

A healing touch and a holy drink,
A bright little heavenly knife,
And this strange Northern saint, who prays no prayers,
Brings back the soul from the spirit-winged stairs,
And once more Minorcan Luiz's dark eyes,
In whose depths the warmth of the tropics lies,
Rest calm on the awe-stricken wife.

* * *

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

St. Catherine's, the Island, Ga.

ST. CATHERINE'S.

HE that would wish to rove awhile
In forests green and gay,
From Charleston Bar to Catharine's Isle
Might sigh to find the way!

What scenes on avery side appear,
 What pleasure strikes the mind,
 From Folly's train, thus wandering far,
 To leave the world behind.

The music of these savage groves
 In simple accents swells,
 And freely here their sylvan loves
 The feathered nation tells ;
 The panting deer through mingled shades
 Of oaks forever green
 The vegetable world invades,
 That skirts the watery scene.

Thou sailor, now exploring far
 The broad Atlantic wave,
 Crowd all your canvas, gallant tar,
 Since Neptune never gave
 On barren seas so fine a view
 As here allures the eye,
 Gay, verdant scenes that Nature drew
 In colors from the sky.

Ye western winds ! awhile delay
 To swell the expecting sail, —
 Who would not here, a hermit, stay
 In yonder fragrant vale,
 Could he engage what few can find,
 That coy, unwilling guest
 (All avarice banished from the mind),
 Contentment, in the breast !

Philip Freneau.

St. Simon's Island, Ga.

THE BEES OF ST. SIMON'S.

THERE lies, far in the bosom of the seas,
 An island fair :
 All summer long the patient little bees
 Are busy there.
 The honey which they gather in their round,
 Buzzing from flower to flower,
 They hoard in a quaint beehive they have found
 In the old church tower.

* * *
 Like Jonathan, when fainting he did roam
 The hungry waste,
 How was he quickened when a honeycomb
 He did but taste !
 So to those weary laborers on lone shores,
 This humble hive supplies
 The luscious droppings of its annual stores
 To light their eyes.

Anonymous.

San Antonio, Tex.

MISION SAN ANTONIO.

A MID these ruins, gloomy, ghostly, strange,
 The weird memorials of an elder time,
 The sacred relics of dead centuries,

I stand in utter loneliness ; and thoughts
 As solemn as the mysteries of the deep
 Come o'er me, like the shadow of a cloud
 O'er the still waters of a lonely lake,
 Or like the mournful twilight of eclipse
 O'er the dim face of Nature.

Ye were reared,
 O ruins old, by stern and holy men,—
 God's messengers unto a new-found world,—
 Whose voices, like the trumpets of the blast,
 Resounded through the forests, and shook down,
 As by an earthquake's dread iconoclasm,
 The idols that men worshipped. Their great lives
 Were given to awful duty, and their words
 Swelled, breathed, and burned and throbbed upon the air
 In solemn majesty. They did not shrink
 Or falter in the path of thorn and rock
 Their souls marked out. Their mouldered relics lie
 Beneath yon humble mounds ; but ah, their names,
 There rudely sculptured upon blocks of stone,
 Are breathed on earth with reverential awe,
 And written by God's finger on His scroll
 Of saints and martyrs.

Age has followed age
 To the abysses of Eternity ;
 And many generations of our race
 Have sprung and faded like the forest leaves ;
 The mightiest temples reared by human pride
 Have long been scattered by a thousand storms,—
 But ye remain. Ah yes, ye still remain,
 And many pilgrims yearly turn aside

From their far journeyings, to come and pause
 Amid your shattered wrecks, as lone and wild
 As those of Tadmor of the desert. Wolves
 Howl nightly in your ghostly corridors,
 And here the deadly serpent makes his home.
 Yet round your broken walls, your fallen roofs,
 Your many crumbling, shattered images,
 Your sunken floors, your shrines with grass o'ergrown,
 And the unnumbered strange, mysterious flowers,
 That stand, pale nuns, upon your topmost heights,
 Wild chants and soul-like dirges seem to rise,
 And the low tones of eloquence and prayer
 Seem sounding on the hollow winds; and here
 I kneel as lowly as I could have knelt,
 If I had listened to 'the living words
 Your grand old founders uttered in the name
 Of God, who sent them to proclaim his will.

George Denison Prentice.



Santee, the River, S. C.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
 Our leader frank and bold;
 The British soldier trembles
 When Marion's name is told.
 Our fortress is the good green wood,
 Our tent the cypress-tree;

We know the forest round us,
 As seamen know the sea.
 We know its walls of thorny vines,
 Its glades of reedy grass,
 Its safe and silent islands
 Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
 That little dread us near !
 On them shall light at midnight
 A strange and sudden fear :
 When waking to their tents on fire
 They grasp their arms in vain,
 And they who stand to face us
 Are beat to earth again ;
 And they who fly in terror deem
 A mighty host behind,
 And hear the tramp of thousands
 Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
 From danger and from toil :
 We talk the battle over,
 And share the battle's spoil.
 The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
 As if a hunt were up,
 And woodland flowers are gathered
 To crown the soldier's cup.
 With merry songs we mock the wind
 That in the pine-top grieves,
 And slumber long and sweetly,
 On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads,—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'T is life our fiery barbs to guide
Across the moonlight plains;
'T is life to feel the night-wind
That lifts their tossing manes.
A moment in the British camp,—
A moment,—and away,
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

William Cullen Bryant.

SALLIE ST. CLAIRE.

IN the ranks of Marion's band,
 Through morass and wooded land,
 Over beach of yellow sand,
 Mountain, plain, and valley,
 A Southern maid, in all her pride,
 Marched gayly at her lover's side,
 In such disguise
 That e'en his eyes
 Did not discover Sallie !

When returned from midnight tramp,
 Through the forest dark and damp,
 On his straw-couch in the camp,
 In his dreams he'd dally
 With that devoted, gentle fair,
 Whose large black eyes and flowing hair
 So near him seem,
 That in his dream
 He breathes his love for Sallie !

Oh, what joy that maiden knew,
 When she found her lover true !
 Suddenly the trumpet blew,
 Marion's men to rally !
 To ward the death-spear from his side ! —
 In battle by Santee she died ! —
 Where sings the surge
 A ceaseless dirge
 Near the lone grave of Sallie.

Savannah, Ga.

SAVANNAH.

THOU hast not drooped thy stately head,
T Thy woes a wondrous beauty shed !
Not like a lamb to slaughter led,
But with the lion's monarch tread,
Thou comest to thy battle bed,
Savannah ! O Savannah !

Thine arm of flesh is girded strong ;
The blue veins swell beneath thy wrong ;
To thee the triple cords belong,
Of woe and death and shameless wrong,
And spirit vaunted long, too long !

Savannah ! O Savannah !

No blood-stains spot thy forehead fair ;
Only the martyrs' blood is there ;
It gleams upon thy bosom bier,
It moves thy deep, deep soul to prayer,
And tunes a dirge for thy sad ear,
Savannah ! O Savannah !

Thy clean white hand is opened wide
For weal or woe, thou Freedom Bride ;
The sword-sheath sparkles at thy side,
Thy plighted troth, whate'er betide,
Thou hast but Freedom for thy guide,
Savannah ! O Savannah !

What though the heavy storm-cloud lowers
 Still at thy feet the old oak towers ;
 Still fragrant are thy jessamine bowers,
 And things of beauty, love, and flowers
 Are smiling o'er this land of ours,
 My sunny home, Savannah !

There is no film before thy sight, —
 Thou seest woe and death and night —
 And blood upon thy banner bright ;
 But in thy full wrath's kindled might,
 What carest thou for woe or night ?
 My rebel home, Savannah !

Come — for the crown is on thy head !
 Thy woes a wondrous beauty shed,
 Not like a lamb to slaughter led,
 But with the lion's monarch tread,
 Oh ! come unto thy battle bed,

Savannah ! O Savannah !

Alethea S. Burroughs.

THE DEATH OF JASPER.

'T WAS amidst a scene of blood,
 On a bright autumnal day,
 When misfortune like a flood
 Swept our fairest hopes away ;
 'T was on Savannah's plain,
 On the spot we love so well,
 Amid heaps of gallant slain,
 That the daring Jasper fell !

He had borne him in the fight,
Like a soldier in his prime,
Like a bold and stalwart knight,
Of the glorious olden time ;
And unharmed by sabre-blow,
And untouched by leaden ball,
He had battled with the foe,
Till he heard the trumpet's call.

But he turned him at the sound,
For he knew the strife was o'er,
That in vain on freedom's ground
Had her children shed their gore ;
So he slowly turned away,
With the remnant of the band,
Who, amid the bloody fray,
Had escaped the foeman's hand.

But his banner caught his eye,
As it trailed upon the dust,
And he saw his comrade die,
Ere he yielded up his trust.
“To the rescue !” loud he cried,
“To the rescue, gallant men !”
And he dashed into the tide
Of the battle-stream again.

And then fierce the contest rose,
O'er its field of broidered gold,
And the blood of friends and foes
Stained alike its silken fold ;

But, unheeding wound and blow,
 He has snatched it midst the strife,
 He has borne that flag away,
 But its ransom is his life !

“ To my father take my sword,”
 Thus the dying hero said,
 “ Tell him that my latest word
 Was a blessing on his head ;
 And when Death had seized my frame,
 And uplifted was his dart,
 That I ne’er forgot the name
 Which was dearest to my heart.

“ And tell her whose favor gave
 This fair banner to our band,
 That I died its folds to save,
 From the foe’s polluting hand ;
 And let all my comrades hear,
 When my form lies cold in death,
 That their friend remained sincere
 To his last expiring breath.”

It was thus that Jasper fell,
 ’Neath that bright autumnal sky ;
 Has a stone been reared to tell
 Where he laid him down to die ?
 To the rescue, spirits bold !
 To the rescue, gallant men !
 Let the marble page unfold
 All his daring deeds again !

Robert M. Charlton.

Shenandoah, the Valley, Va.

BY THE SHENANDOAH.

MY home is drear and still to-night,
Where Shenandoah, murmuring, flows;
The Blue Ridge towers in the pale moonlight,
And balmily the south-wind blows;
But my fire burns dim, while athwart the wall,
Black as the pines, the shadows fall;
And the only friend within my door
Is the sleeping hound on the moonlit floor.

Roll back, O weary years! and bring
Again the gay and cloudless morn
When every bird was on the wing,
And my blithe summer boys were born!
My Courtney fair, my Philip bold,
With his laughing eyes and his locks of gold,—
No nested bird in the valley wide
Sang as my heart, that eventide.

Our laurels blush when May-winds call;
Our pines shoot high through mellow showers;
So rosy-flushed, so slender-tall,
My boys grew up from childhood's hours.
Glad in the breeze, the sun, the rain,
They climbed the heights or they roamed the plain;
And found where the fox lay hid at noon,
And the shy fawn drank by the rising moon.

Fleet Storm, look up! you ne'er may hear,
 When all the dewy glades are still,
 In silver windings, fine and clear,
 Their whistle stealing o'er the hill !
 And fly to the shade where the wild deer rest,
 Ere morn has reddened the mountain's crest ;
 Nor sit at their feet, when the chase is o'er,
 And the antlers hang by the sunset-door.

What drew our hunters from the hills ?
 They heard the hostile trumpets blow,
 And leapt adown like April rills
 When Shenandoah roars below.
 One, to the field where the old flag shines,
 And one, alas ! to the traitor lines !
 My tears, — their fond arms round me thrown, —
 And the house was hushed on the hillside lone.

But oh ! to feel my boys were foes
 Was sharper than their sabres' steel !
 In every shifting cloud that rose
 I saw their deadly squadrous wheel ;
 And heard in the waves, as they hurried by,
 Their hasty tread when the fight was nigh,
 And, deep in the wail which the night-winds bore,
 Their dying moan when the fight was o'er.

So time went on. — The skies were blue ;
 Our wheat-fields yellow in the sun ;
 When down the vale a rider flew :
 “ Ho ! neighbors, Gettysburg is won !
 Horse and foot, at the cannon's mouth

We hurled them back to the hungry South;
The North is safe; and the vile marauder
Curses the hour he crossed the border."

My boys were there! I nearer prest,—
"And Philip, Courtney, what of them?"
His voice dropped low: "Oh, madam, rest
Falls sweet when battle's tide we stem.
Your Philip was first of the brave that day
With his colors grasped as in death he lay;
And Courtney—well, I only knew
Not a man was left of his rebel crew."

* * *

My home is drear and still to-night
Where Shenandoah, murmuring, flows;
The Blue Ridge towers in the pale moonlight,
And balmily the south-wind blows;
But my fire burns dim, while athwart the wall,
Black as the pines, the shadows fall;
And the only friend within my door
Is the sleeping hound on the moonlit floor.

Yet still in dreams my boys I own;
They chase the deer o'er dewy hills,
Their hair by mountain winds is blown,
Their shout the echoing valley fills.
Wafts from the woodland, spring sunshine,
Come as they open this door of mine,
And I hear them sing by the evening blaze
The songs they sang in the vanished days.

I cannot part their lives and say,
 "This was the traitor, this the true";
 God only knows why one should stray,
 And one go pure death's portals through.
 They have passed from their mother's clasp and care;
 But my heart ascends in the yearning prayer
 That His larger love will the two enfold,—
 My Courtney fair and my Philip bold!

Edna Dean Proctor.

A NOVEMBER NOCTURNE.

THE autumn air sweeps faint and chill
 Across yon maple-crested hill;
 And on my ear
 Falls, tingling clear,
 A strange, mysterious, woodland thrill.
 From outmost twig, from scarlet crown,
 Untouched with yet a tinct of brown,
 Reluctant, slow,
 As loath to go,
 The loosened leaves come wavering down.
 And not a hectic trembler there,
 In its decadence doomed to share
 The fate of all,
 But in its fall
 Flings something sob-like on the air.
 No drift or dream of passing bell,
 Dying afar in twilight dell,

Hath any heard
 Whose echoes stirred
 A tenderer pathos of farewell.
 A silent shiver, as of pain,
 Goes quivering through each sapless vein ;
 And there are moans
 Whose undertones
 Are sad as autumn-midnight rain.

If then, without a dirge-like sigh,
 No lightest-clinging leaf can die, —
 Let him who saith
 Decay and death
 Need bring no heart-break, tell me why.

Each graveyard gives the answer : there
 I read “ Resurgam ” everywhere ;
 So easy said
 Above the dead, —
 So weak to anodyne despair !

Margaret Junkin Preston.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

COME, stack arms, men ! Pile on the rails,
 Stir up the camp-fire bright ;
 No matter if the canteen fails,
 We 'll make a roaring night.
 Here Shenandoah brawls along,
 There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,

To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now,—the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well;
Says he, "That's Banks,—he's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul! we'll give hin——"; well,
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Blue-Light's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
In *forma pauperis* to God:
"Lay bare Thine arm; stretch forth Thy rod!
Amen!" That's "Stonewall's way."

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade!
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
"Quick-step! we're with him before morn!"
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning, and by George!

Here 's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
 Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
 Pope and his Yankees, whipped before;
 " Bay'nets and grape!" near Stonewall roar;
 " Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!"
 Is " Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn
 For news of Stonewall's band!
 Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn
 That ring upon thy hand.
 Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on,
 Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
 The foe had better ne'er been born
 That gets in " Stonewall's way."

Anonymous.



Sullivan's Island, S. C.

BY THE AUTUMN SEA.

FAIR as the dawn of the fairest day,
 Sad as the evening's tender gray,
 By the latest lustre of sunset kissed,
 That wavers and wanes through an amber mist,—
 There cometh a dream of the past to me,
 On the desert sands, by the autumn sea.

All heaven is wrapped in a mystic veil,
 And the face of the ocean is dim and pale,

And there rises a wind from the chill northwest,
That seemeth the wail of a soul's unrest,
As the twilight falls, and the vapors flee
Far over the wastes of the autumn sea.

A single ship through the gloaming glides
Upborne on the swell of the seaward tides ;
And above the gleam of her topmost spar
Are the virgin eyes of the vesper-star
That shine with an angel's ruth on me, —
A hopeless waif, by the autumn sea.

The wings of the ghostly beach-birds gleam
Through the shimmering surf, and the curlew's scream
Falls faintly shrill from the darkening height ;
The first weird sigh on the lips of Night
Breathes low through the sedge and the blasted tree,
With a murmur of doom, by the autumn sea.

O sky-enshadowed and yearning main,
Your gloom but deepens this human pain ;
Those waves seem big with a nameless care,
That sky is a type of the heart's despair,
As I linger and muse by the sombre lea,
And the night-shades close on the autumn sea.

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

Sumter, the Fort, S. C.

TWILIGHT ON SUMTER.

AUGUST 24, 1863.

STILL and dark along the sea
Sumter lay :
A light was overhead,
As from burning cities shed,
And the clouds were battle-red,
Far away.
Not a solitary gun
Left to tell the fort had won,
Or lost the day !
Nothing but the tattered rag
Of the drooping Rebel flag,
And the sea-birds screaming round it in their play.

How it woke one April morn,
Fame shall tell ;
As from Moultrie, close at hand,
And the batteries on the land,
Round its faint but fearless band
Shot and shell
Raining hid the doubtful light ;
But they fought the hopeless fight
Long and well,
(Theirs the glory, ours the shame !)
Till the walls were wrapt in flame,
Then their flag was proudly struck, and Sumter fell !

Now—oh, look at Sumter now,
 In the gloom !
 Mark its scarred and shattered walls,
 (Hark ! the ruined rampart falls !)
 There 's a justice that appalls
 In its doom ;
 For this blasted spot of earth
 Where Rebellion had its birth
 Is its tomb !
 And when Sumter sinks at last
 From the heavens, that shrink aghast,
 Hell shall rise in grim derision and make room !

Richard Henry Stoddard.

Suwanee, the River, Fla.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

WAY down upon de Swanee ribber,
 Far, far away,
 Dere 's whar my heart is turning ebber,
 Dere 's whar de old folks stay.
 All up and down de whole creation,
 Sadly I roam,
 Still longing for de old plantation,
 And for de old folks at home.
 All de world am sad and dreary,
 Ebry whar I roam,
 Oh, darkeys ! how my heart grows weary,
 Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
 When I was young,
 Den many happy days I squandered,
 Many de songs I sung.
 When I was playing wid my brudder,
 Happy was I,
 Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
 Dere let me live and die.
 All de world, etc.

One little hut among de bushes,
 One dat I love,
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
 No matter where I rove.
 When will I see de bees a humming,
 All round de comb?
 When will I hear de banjo tumming
 Down in my good old home?
 All de world, etc.

Stephen C. Foster.



Tallulah (Terrora), the River, Ga.

THE RIVER TALLULAH.

B^{EYOND} Tallulah's giant den,
 A mountain rent by Nature's throes,
 Where, roaring down the rocky glen,
 The stormy torrent falls or flows;

Its waters now a quiet stream,
 Now plunging from the giddy steep,
 Down rapids now they foam and gleam,
 In gloomy pools unfathomed sleep ;
 From the rent rock you gaze below,
 The heart with awe and terror stirred,
 You hardly see the torrent flow,
 Its fearful voice is faintly heard ;
 Half down, the hovering crow appears
 A moving speck ; from rifted beams
 Of granite grown, the pine, that rears
 Its towering trunk, a sapling seems.

Turn from the din ; a calmer scene,
 More soft and still, invites your sight ;
 Beneath your feet, a sea of green
 Fills the charmed heart with new delight ;
 Down from the mountain top you gaze ;
 Far, deep below, the verdant maze
 Of forest still unbroken lies ;
 And farther yet, a line of blue
 Catches at last the gazer's view,
 The ocean seems to meet his eyes ;
 With ecstasy beyond control
 He sees, while Fancy's magic power
 With witching influence rules the hour,
 The surges break, the billows roll.

* * * * *

William J. Grayson.

TALLULAH.

RECOLLECT thou, in thunder
How Tallulah spoke to thee,
When thy little face with wonder
Lifted upwards, rocks asunder
Riven, shattered,
Black and battered,
Thou aloft didst see ?

Downward stalking through Tempesta,
Did a giant shape appear.
All the waters leaping after
Hound-like, with their thunder-laughter
Shook the valley
Teocalli,
Hill-top bleak and bare.

Vast and ponderous, of granite,
Cloud-enwrapt his features were.
In his great calm eyes emotion
Glimmered none ; and like an ocean
Billowy, tangled,
Foam bespangled,
Backward streamed his hair.

On his brow like dandelions
Nodded pines : the solid floor
Rocked and reeled beneath his treading,
Black on high a tempest spreading,
Pregnant, passive,

As with massive
Portal, closed the corridor.

Frighted, sobbing, clinging to me
In an agony of dread,
Sawest thou this form tremendous
Striding down the steep stupendous
With the torrent:
Night abhorrent
Closing overhead.

Then my heart dissembling courage,
That thine own so loudly beat,
Comfort thee, I said, poor trembler:
Providence is no dissembler.
Higher power
Guards each flower
Blooming at thy feet.

Flushed and tearful from my bosom
Thereat thou didst lift thy face.
Blue and wide thy eyes resplendent
Turned upon the phantom pendent,
Whose huge shadow
Overshadowed
All the gloomy place.

Back revolving into granite,
Foam and fall and nodding pine,
Sank the phantom. Slantwise driven
Through the storm-cloud rent and riven,
Sunshine glittered,

And there twittered—
Birds in every vine.

Then sonorous from the chasm
Pealed a voice distinct and loud :
“ Innocence and God-reliance
Set all evil at defiance.
Maiden, by these
(As by snow, trees)
Evil heads are bowed.”

J. M. Legaré.

TALLULAH.

A LONE with Nature, when her passionate mood
Deepens and deepens, till from shadowy wood
And sombre shore the blended voices sound
Of five infuriate torrents, wanly crowned
With such pale-misted foam as that which starts
To whitening lips from frenzied human hearts !

Echo repeats the thunderous roll and boom
Of these vexed waters through the foliaged gloom
So wildly, in their grand, reverberant swell,
Borne from dim hillside to rock-bounded dell,
That oft the tumult seems
The vast, fantastic dissonance of dreams,—
A roar of adverse elements torn and riven
In gaunt recesses of some billowy hell,—
But sending ever through the tremulous air
Defiance, laden with august despair,
Up to the calm and pitiful face of heaven !

From ledge to ledge the impetuous current sweeps
Forever tortured, tameless, unsubdued,
Amid the darkly humid solitude ;
Through waste and turbulent deeps
It cleaves a terrible pathway, overrun
Only by doubtful flickerings of the sun,
To meet with swift cross-eddies, whirlpools set
On verges of some measureless abyss ;
Above the stir and fret,
The hollow lion's roar, or serpent-hiss
Of whose unceasing conflict waged below
The gorges of the giant precipice,
Shines the mild splendor of a heavenly bow !

But blinded to the rainbow's tender light,
Soft as the eyes of Mercy bent on Might,
Still with dark vapors all around it furled,
The demon-spirit of this watery world,
Through many a maddened curve and stormy thro'e,
Speeds to its last tumultuous overflow, —
When downward hurled from wildering shock to shock,
Its wild heart breaks upon the outmost rock
That guards the empire of this rule of wrath :

Henceforth, beyond the shattered cataract's path,
The tempered spirit of a gentler guide
Enters, methinks, the unperturbèd tide, —
Its current sparkling in the blest release
From wasting passion, glides through shores of peace ;
O'er brightened spaces and clear confluent calms
Float the hale breathings of near meadow balms ;
And still by silent cove and silvery reach

The murmurous wavelets pass,
Lip the coy tendrils of the delicate grass,
And tranquil hour by hour
Uplift a crystal glass,
Wherein each lithe narcissus flower
May mark its slender frame and beauteous face
Mirrored in softly visionary grace,
And still, by fairy bight and shelving beach
The fair waves whisper, low as leaves in June—
(Small gossips lisping in their woodland bower),
And still, the ever-lessening tide
Lapses, as glides some once imperious life
From haughty summits of demoniac pride,
Hatred, and vengeful strife
Down through Time's twilight-valleys purified,
Yearning alone to keep
A long predestined tryst with Night and Sleep,
Beneath the dew-soft kisses of the moon !

Paul Hamilton Hayne.



Toccoa, the Falls, Ga.

TOCCOA.

CAN I forget that happiest day,
That happiest day of all the year,
When on the sloping rock I lay,
Toccoa dripping near ?
The lifted wonder of thy eyes
The marvel of thy soul expressed.

Aloft I saw serenest skies,
Below, thy heaving breast.
On wings of mist, in robes of spray
Long trailed, and flowing wide and white,
Adown the mountain steep and gray
We saw Toccoa glide.
Her garments sweeping through the vale
Began the whispering leaves to wake,
And wafted like a tiny sail
A leaf across the lake.

The murmur of the falling shower,
Which did the solitude increase,
We heard; the cool and happy hour
Filled our young hearts with peace.
Thou satest with a maiden grace,
Thou sawest the rugged rocks and hoary,
As with a half-uplifted face
Thou listenedst to my story.

How many of the banished race,
Those old red warriors of the bow,
Have slumbered in this shadowy place,
Have watched Toccoa flow.
Perchance, where now we sit, they laid
Their arms, and raised a boastful chant,
While through the gorgeous Autumn shade
The sunshine shot aslant.

One night, a hideous howling night,
The black boughs swaying overhead,—
Three painted braves across the height

A false Pe-ro-kah¹ led.
 Bright were her glances, bright her smiles,
 Wondrous her waving length of hair,
 (Ye who descend through slippery wiles,
 A maiden's eyes beware !)

What saw these swarthy Cherokees
 In the deep darkness on the brink ?
 They saw a red fire through the trees,
 Through the tossed branches wave and wink ;
 They saw pale faces white and dreaming,
 Clutched their keen knives, and held their breath,
 — All this was but a cheating seeming,
 For them, not for the phantom's death.
 Spoke then the temptress (maid or devil),—
 “Let the pale sleepers sleep no more !”
 Whoop ! — three good bounds on solid rock,
 Then empty blackness for a floor.
 Yelled the fierce braves with rage and fright,
 With fright their bristling war-plumes rose :
 On these down fluttering, did the night
 Her jaws sepulchral close.

These rocks tall-lifted, rent apart,
 This Indian legend old
 To thee, enchantress as thou art,
 A warning truth unfold.
 Who love, mid midnight dangers stand,
 To them false fires wink :
 Accursed be the evil hand
 That beckons to the brink.

J. M. Legaré.

¹ Evil-Child.

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Vicksburg, Miss.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF VICKSBURG.

FOR sixty days and upwards
A storm of shell and shot
Rained round us in a flaming shower,
But still we faltered not!
“If the noble city perish,”
Our grand young leader said,
“Let the only walls the foe shall scale
Be ramparts of the dead!”

For sixty days and upwards
The eye of heaven waxed dim;
And even throughout God’s holy morn,
O’er Christian prayer and hymn,
Arose a hissing tumult,
As if the fiends of air
Strove to engulf the voice of faith
In the shrieks of their despair.

There was wailing in the houses,
There was trembling on the marts,
While the tempest raged and thundered,
Mid the silent thrill of hearts:
But the Lord, our shield, was with us;
And ere a month had sped,
Our very women walked the streets
With scarce one throb of dread.

And the little children gambolled,—
Their faces purely raised,
Just for a wondering moment,
As the huge bombs whirled and blazed!
Then turned with silvery laughter
To the sports which children love,
Thrice mailed in the sweet, instinctive thought,
That the good God watched above.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster
From scores of flame-clad ships,
And above us denser, darker,
Grew the conflict's wild eclipse;
Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,
Like a type of doom and ire,
Whence shot a thousand quivering tongues
Of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen hands of angels
These death-shafts warned aside,
And the dove of heavenly mercy
Ruled o'er the battle-tide;
In the houses ceased the wailing,
And through the war-scarred marts
The people strode with the step of hope
To the music in their hearts.

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

Wachulla Spring, Fla.

THE WACHULLA SPRING.

THE Wachulla Spring described in the following poem is situated about ten miles from Tallahassee, Florida. It is an immense limestone basin, as yet unfathomed in the centre, with waters as transparent as crystal.

FOUNTAIN of beauty ! on my vision breaking,
 How springs my heart thy varied charms to greet,
 While thoughts of loveliness within me waking
 Fill all my being with their influence sweet.
 Gazing on thee, my spirit's wild commotion
 Is hushed beneath some mighty magic spell,—
 Till, thrilling with each new and strange emotion,
 No feelings but of high and pure devotion
 Within me dwell.

Wachulla, beauteous spring ! thy crystal waters
 Reflect the loveliness of Southern skies ;
 And oft methinks the dark-haired Indian daughters
 Bent o'er thy silver depths with wondering eyes.
 From forest glade the swarthy chief emerging,
 Delighted, paused thy matchless charms to view ;
 Then to thy flower-gemmed border slowly verging
 I see him o'er thy placid bosom urging
 His light canoe !

Break not the spell that wraps this beauteous vision
 In the enchantment of some fairy dream;

Methinks I wander in those realms elysian,
Which on poetic fancies sometimes gleam.
Round me the dim-arched forest proudly towers,
Seeming those light and floating clouds to kiss ;
Oh, let me linger for a few brief hours
By this enchanted fount, — these wildwood bowers,
 To dream of bliss.

With the bright crimson of the maple twining,
The fragrant bay its peerless chaplet weaves ;
And where magnolias in their pride are shining,
The broad palmetto spreads its fan-like leaves.
Far down the forest aisles, where sunbeams quiver,
The fairest flowers their rainbow hues combine ;
And pendent o'er the swiftly flowing river,
The shadows of the graceful willow shiver
 In glad sunshine !

Bright-plumaged birds their gorgeous hues enwreathing,
Their amorous tunes to listening flowers repeat ;
Which in reply, their sweetest incense breathing,
Pour on the silent air their perfume sweet :
From tree to tree the golden jasmine creeping,
Hangs its bright bells on every slender spray ;
And in each fragrant chalice, slyly peeping,
The humming-bird its odorous store is reaping,
 The livelong day.

Nature has here, in wilful mood, unfolded
Her choicest stores, the wilderness to deck ; —
And forms of rare and perfect beauty moulded,
Where no rude hand her beauty dares to check.

How could I sit, and watch the waters glancing
 In the calm beauty of these cloudless skies ;
 My vivid fancy every charm enhancing,
 And sight and sound my senses all entrancing,
 Till daylight dies !

How o'er the misty Past my thoughts would ponder,
 When sad and lone beside Wachulla's spring
 The red man, flying from his foes, would wander,
 And to the wave his heart-wrung murmurs fling.
 Oppression stern his free-born soul enthralling,
 He flies for shelter to these wildwood haunts, —
 And on the spirits of his loved ones calling,
 While murmuring voices on his ear are falling,
 This descant chants :

“ Great Spirit of our race ! hast thou forsaken
 Thy favored children in their hour of need ?
 Their wailing voice Wachulla's echoes waken, —
 Will not the Spirit of their fathers heed ?
 Sunshine and joy our own loved dells are flushing,
 But mid their charms the red man wanders lone ;
 He hears the free winds through the forest rushing ;
 He sees Wachulla's gladsome waters gushing,
 Yet hears no tone ! ”

Alas ! sad warrior ! by these silver waters
 No more shall gather thy ill-fated band ;
 Thy hunters bold, thy dark-eyed lovely daughters,
 Long since have sought their own loved spirit-land.
 Yet still methinks I hear their voices sighing,
 In the soft breeze that blows from yonder shore ;

And wildwood echoes to the stream replying,
 Mourn that the voices on the waters dying
 Return no more!

But now the soft south-wind all gently wooeth
 Our little barque, to leave the flower-gemmed shore;
 And the light breeze that perfume round us streweth,
 This fairy basin soon will waft us o'er;
 Then while soft zephyrs, round us faintly blowing,
 Bear wordless voices from the forest deep,
 We 'll listen to the waters' ceaseless flowing,
 And watch the wavelets dancing on,— unknowing
 What course they keep.

With rapid oar, the water-lilies parting,
 Whose snowy petals form the Naiad's wreath,
 Soon o'er the crystal fountain swiftly darting,
 We cast our gaze a hundred feet beneath !
 Between two heavens of purest blue suspended,
 Above these fairy realms we float at will,—
 Where crystal grottos lift their columns splendid,
 Formed of rare gems of pearl and emerald, blended
 With magic skill.

Now in the west the gold and crimson blending,
 Tell that soft twilight falleth o'er the world;
 And on the breeze all noiselessly descending,
 The dew-drops lie in lily-cups impearled.
 All thought is lost in sweet bewildering fancies,
 While from the forest dies the light of day ;
 And witching silence every spell enhances,
 As o'er the wave the last glad sunbeam glances,
 Then fades away !

Farewell, Wachulla ! sadly must I sever
 My spirit from thy sweet bewildering spell ;
 I leave thee, fairy fount, perhaps forever,
 And mournfully I bid thee now — farewell !
 Yet still thy loveliness my soul o'erpowers,
 While dreamy shadows on the forest fall, —
 And long shall memories of thy beauteous bowers
 Fall on my heart like dew on summer flowers,
 Refreshing all !

Catherine Ann Dubose.

Washington, D. C.

A SECOND REVIEW OF THE GRAND ARMY.

I READ last night of the Grand Review
 In Washington's chiefest avenue, —
 Two Hundred Thousand men in blue,
 I think they said was the number, —
 Till I seemed to hear their trampling feet,
 The bugle blast and the drum's quick beat,
 The clatter of hoofs in the stony street,
 The cheers of people who came to greet,
 And the thousand details that to repeat
 Would only my verse encumber, —
 Till I fell in a reverie, sad and sweet,
 And then to a fitful slumber.

When, lo ! in a vision I seemed to stand
 In the lonely Capitol. On each hand

Far stretched the portico ; dim and grand
Its columns ranged, like a martial band
Of sheeted spectres whom some command
Had called to a last reviewing.

And the streets of the city were white and bare,
No footfall echoed across the square ;
But out of the misty midnight air
I heard in the distance a trumpet blare,
And the wandering night-winds seemed to bear
The sound of a far tattooing.

Then I held my breath with fear and dread ;
For into the square, with a brazen tread,
There rode a figure whose stately head
O'erlooked the review that morning,
That never bowed from its firm-set seat
When the living column passed its feet,
Yet now rode steadily up the street
To the phantom bugle's warning :

Till it reached the Capitol square, and wheeled,
And there in the moonlight stood revealed
A well-known form that in state and field
Had led our patriot sires ;
Whose face was turned to the sleeping camp,
Afar through the river's fog and damp,
That showed no flicker, nor wanling lamp,
Nor wasted bivouac fires.

And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of fife or drum,
But keeping time to a throbbing hum
Of wailing and lamentation :

The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
 Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
 The men whose wasted figures fill
 The patriot graves of the nation.

And there came the nameless dead, — the men
 Who perished in fever-swamp and fen,
 The slowly starved of the prison-pen.

And, marching beside the others,
 Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
 With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright:
 I thought — perhaps 't was the pale moonlight —
 They looked as white as their brothers!

And so all night marched the Nation's dead,
 With never a banner above them spread,
 Nor a badge, nor a motto brandishèd;
 No mark — save the bare uncovered head
 Of the silent bronze Reviewer;
 With never an arch save the vaulted sky;
 With never a flower save those that lie
 On the distant graves — for love could buy
 No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long swept the strange array;
 So all night long, till the morning gray,
 I watched for one who had passed away,
 With a reverent awe and wonder, —
 Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening line,
 And I knew that one who was kin of mine
 Had come; and I spake — and lo! that sign
 Awakened me from my slumber.

Bret Harte.
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SPRING AT THE CAPITAL.

THE poplar drops beside the way
Its tasselled plumes of silver-gray;
The chestnut pouts its great brown buds, impatient for
the laggard May.

The honeysuckles lace the wall;
The hyacinths grow fair and tall;
And mellow sun and pleasant wind and odorous bees
are over all.

Down looking in this snow-white bud,
How distant seems the war's red flood!
How far remote the streaming wounds, the sickening
scent of human blood!

For Nature does not recognize
This strife that rends the earth and skies;
No war-dreams vex the winter sleep of clover-heads
and daisy-eyes.

She holds her even way the same,
Though navies sink or cities flame;
A snowdrop is a snowdrop still, despite the nation's
joy or shame.

When blood her grassy altar wets,
She sends the pitying violets
To heal the outrage with their bloom, and cover it
with soft regrets.

O crocuses with rain-wet eyes,
 O tender-lipped anemones,
 What do ye know of agony and death and blood-won
 victories ?

No shadow breaks your sunshine-trance,
 Though near you rolls, with slow advance,
 Clouding your shining leaves with dust, the anguish-
 laden ambulance.

Yonder a white encampment hums ;
 The clash of martial music comes ;
 And now your startled stems are all a-tremble with the
 jar of drums.

Whether it lessen or increase,
 Or whether trumpets shout or cease,
 Still deep within your tranquil hearts the happy bees
 are murmuring " Peace ! "

O flowers ! the soul that faints or grieves
 New comfort from your lips receives ;
 Sweet confidence and patient faith are hidden in your
 healing leaves.

Help us to trust, still on and on,
 That this dark night will soon be gone,
 And that these battle-stains are but the blood-red
 trouble of the dawn, —

Dawn of a broader, whiter day
 Than ever blessed us with its ray, —
 A dawn beneath whose purer light all guilt and wrong
 shall fade away.

Then shall our nation break its bands,
 And, silencing the envious lands,
 Stand in the searching light unshamed, with spotless
 robes, and clean, white hands.

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

THE NESTS AT WASHINGTON.

BEFORE the White House portals
 The careless eyes behold
 Three iron bombs uplifted,
 Adusk in summer gold.

In dreamy mood I wandered
 At Sabbath sunset there,
 While the wide city's murmur
 Hummed vaguely everywhere :

“ Black seeds of desolation,”
 I said, “ by War’s red hand
 Sown in the fierce sirocco
 Over the wasted land ! ”

“ Unholy with the holy,
 What do ye here to-day,
 Symbols of awful battle,
 In Sabbath’s peaceful ray ? ”

Angel of Dust and Darkness !
 I heard thy woful breath,
 With noise of all earth’s battles,
 Answer : “ Let there be Death ! ”

I thought of many a midnight,
Where sprang terrific light
Over wide woods and marshes ;
Fierce fireflies lit the night.

I saw beleaguered bastions
Leap up in red dismay,
Wide rivers all transfigured
Awake in dreadful day.

Asleep in peaceful sunshine
Glimmered the warlike things :
Into their hollow horror
Flew tenderest summer wings !

Deep in the awful chambers
Of the gigantic Death,
The wrens their nests had builded
And dwelt with loving breath.

Angel of Resurrection !
Over all buried strife
I heard thy bird-song whisper,
Sweetly, " Let there be Life ! "

John James Piatt.

Wilmington, N. C.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

A CHASE IN SOUNDINGS.

Hove in the stays, she lay,
In the blockading grounds
Of the North Carolina sounds,
Beleaguered half a day,
The good ship Heir of Lynn :
The still air shut her in
The very focus of light ;
Where the sea grows hot and white,
As if it had turned to salt
Or solid rock, with a fault
That clipped the horizon's edge
In a long, irregular ledge.

In the summer of sixty-three,
As still as they could be
The sea and air ; and every
Spar lost in a reverie
Over its shadow, under
The sea, in curious wonder.
Not a cat's-paw turned the streamer,
To spell at it letter by letter ;
And for fifty leagues and better,
You could see the smoke of a steamer
Drifting down in the offing.
You could hear the sullen coughing,

Over sixty miles away,
At Wilmington harbor and bay,—
The pounding of cannon and mortar,
And the groan of torpedoes under
The sea, that came over her quarter,
Like the bellow of smothered thunder.

Uneasily looked the master
Now at the sea, and then
Off in a dream again
Of home, as the boa's'in cast her
Dipsy¹ lead in the shallow,
To a sort of nasal tune,
Larded with talk and tallow,
In the bight of the afternoon;
Drawling from sea-worn topics,
To sudden squalls in the tropics;
And lee shores whose hot lips
Had opened and swallowed ships,—
Till the slow talk seemed to pool
In the old Annapolis school;
And the master was "Joe" again,
With his messmate, Geordie of Maine,
Who loved, with loves like his own,
Sweethearts they never had won,—
Like the small blue flowers that live but a day,
Sweet things, in the inlets of Chesapeake bay.

The skies got bluer and bluer,
Till the far-off gunboat knew her,
And came up, hand over hand,

¹ Deep sea.

With a rushing, like falling sand,
 Of the coils of her screw propeller,
 Like the rifles that twist out her shell, or
 The leverage fold and grapple
 Of the sinewy boa-constrictor,
 While her stem peeled the scum as an apple,
 And the plunge of her steam beat the drums of a victor.

But, like omens in viscera,
 Old Romans sought for ;
 As the stars fought with Sisera, —
 Faster and faster,
 And over and past her,
 Swirled the cone of the cyclone and fought her.

It touched the sails of the schooner,
 The turn of a sandglass sooner ;
 And, breaking in sudden bloom, —
 From her foretop studding-sail,
 Aft to her spanker-boom,
 Down to her chunnel rail,
 Fore to her flying jibs ; —
 Like a lily when it buds
 She flowers out of her ribs,
 White as the salt-sea seeds ;
 Bobbing about, like a cup.
 Then a shout, and the hunt is up.

* * *

“A lee shore and a squall !
 There’s but one of them all,”
 As he steamed within hail,
 Said the gunboat commander,

"Of all that I know,
That would dare carry sail
To beach her and land her,—
Annapolis Joe."

As swivels of hail
Beat tattoo on the sail,
And he looked on the sea,
Where tempests unchain
Reefs hid in white rain;
"You 'll want boots to follow me
All night," said the master,
"With your wrought-iron roster,
Old Geordie of Maine."

Ship ahoy! Heave to!
The wind seemed to wrestle
With steam in the vessel,
Elastic and pliant,
And wrench the propeller
With the strength of a giant,
As if to compel her
To shrink from the danger,
Her keel timbers ran on:
But grimly defiant,
And louder and louder,
In the bursting of powder,
Spoke the lips of her cannon.

* * *
"It 's Joe, to be sure,"
Said the naval commander,

"And he's got a king's ransom of stores in his keel;
I'll sink her, or land her
Rawbones on a lee shore,
To feed the Sound fishes on his powder and steel."

A reef rose between,
Where the keel of the sea seemed to jib and careen,
And pitch on its beam ends,
About which the water ran smooth with vehemence,
Like the gates of a lock when its hinges are swung,
And the bore of the current shoots out in a tongue.
But, taut and close-lasted,
From keelson to masthead;
Spanker vangs to spritsail-yards,
And flying jib-boom,
As true to her halyards
As belle of the room
When her feet, to the click of the castanets clipping,
Make rhymes to the music's adagios tripping,—
As dangerously quick as Herodias' daughter,—
While the wind kissed her lacings and whipped round
her quarter,
And pitch-piped its bagpipes as shrill as a demon,
The sloop felt her tiller;
Double banked her propeller;
And rushed at the sluice with a full head of steam on.

* * *

But the fugitive ship,
Like a wild thing at bay,
That will double and slip
From corner to panel,
Like a fox, stole away.

The nips of the channel,
In shoulder and knee,
Seemed to rise and bend over her;
The bellowing sea,
To open and cover her;
And where the surf plunges
Through coral and sponges
In slings of the wind as light as a feather,
To rove the blue phosphorous frost in her shrouds,
The burst of the clouds,
Mixed the sea and the sand and the sky altogether,
And the welkin cracked open with terrible brightening,
Till the bed of the sea seemed to bristle with light-
ning;
And over, and under
The clamor of waves, pealed the toll of the thunder.

* * *

So, all through the night, in the darkness they grope.
In the wash of the water, and swish of the spray,
Clung the sloop to the chase, as if towed by a rope,
Till the morning gun slipped it, at breaking of day.
Tira la, sang the bugles,— a fox stole away!
Stole away; stole away: stole away; stole away:
Tira la sang the bugles,— a fox stole away.

In Wilmington town there 's a ringing of bells
As the people go down, to see her come in,
With her flag at the forepeak, as every one tells
Of the old ballad luck of the ship Heir of Lynn.

If you ever meet Josey, or Geordie of Maine,
You will run the chase over in soundings again.

Winchester, Va.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar ;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down ;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need ;
He stretched away with his utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth ;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace fire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of ire.
But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops,
What was done ? what to do ? a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray ;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,

"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame;
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

Thomas Buchanan Read.



Woodstock, Va.

MUHLENBERG.

THE pastor rose: the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might,—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,

And grasping in his nervous hand
 The imaginary battle-brand,
 In face of death he dared to fling
 Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
 In eloquence of attitude,
 Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher ;
 Then swept his kindling glance of fire
 From startled pew to breathless choir ;
 When suddenly his mantle wide
 His hands impatient flung aside,
 And, lo ! he met their wondering eyes
 Complete in all a warrior's guise.

* * *

And now before the open door —
 The warrior-priest had ordered so —
 The enlisting trumpet's sudden soar
 Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
 Its long reverberating blow,
 So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
 Of dusty Death must wake and hear.
 And there the startling drum and fife
 Fired the living with fiercer life ;
 While overhead, with wild increase,
 Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
 The great bell swung as ne'er before :
 It seemed as it would never cease ;
 And every word its ardor flung
 From off its jubilant iron tongue
 Was, “ War ! War ! War ! ”

“Who dares” — this was the patriot’s cry,
 As striding from the desk he came —
 “Come out with me, in Freedom’s name,
 For her to live, for her to die?”
 A hundred hands flung up reply,
 A hundred voices answered, “I!”

Thomas Buchanan Read.

Yorktown, Va.

YORKTOWN.

FROM Yorktown’s ruins, ranked and still,
 Two lines stretch far o’er vale and hill :
 Who curbs his steed at head of one ?
 Hark ! the low murmur : Washington !
 Who bends his keen, approving glance
 Where down the gorgeous line of France
 Shine knightly star and plume of snow ?
 Thou too art victor, Rochambeau !

The earth which bears this calm array
 Shook with the war-charger yesterday,
 Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,
 Shot-sown and bladed thick with steel ;
 October’s clear and noonday sun
 Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun,
 And down night’s double blackness fell,
 Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed : the gleaming lines

Stand moveless as the neighboring pines ;
While through them, sullen, grim, and slow,
The conquered hosts of England go :
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,
Gay Tarleton's troop rides bannerless :
Shout, from thy fired and wasted homes,
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes !

Nor thou alone : with one glad voice
Let all thy sister States rejoice ;
Let Freedom, in whatever clime
She waits with sleepless eye her time,
Shouting from cave and mountain wood
Make glad her desert solitude,
While they who hunt her quail with fear ;
The New World's chain lies broken here !

John Greenleaf Whittier.



APPENDIX.

Florida.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

A DREAM OF PONCE DE LEON.

I.

A STORY of Ponce de Leon,
A voyager, withered and old,
Who came to the sunny Antilles,
In quest of a country of gold.
He was wafted past islands of spices,
As bright as the Emerald seas,
Where all the forests seem singing,
So thick were the birds on the trees;
The sea was as clear as the azure,
And so deep and so pure was the sky
That the jasper-walled city seemed shining
Just out of the reach of the eye.
By day his light canvas he shifted,
And rounded strange harbors and bars;
By night, on the full tides he drifted,
'Neath the low-hanging lamps of the stars.

Near the glimmering gates of the sunset,
 In the twilight empurpled and dim,
 The sailors uplifted their voices,
 And sang to the Virgin a hymn.
 "Thank the Lord!" said De Leon, the sailor,
 At the close of the rounded refrain;
 "Thank the Lord, the Almighty, who blesses
 The ocean-swept banner of Spain!
 The shadowy world is behind us,
 The shining Cipango, before;
 Each morning the sun rises brighter
 On ocean, and island, and shore.
 And still shall our spirits grow lighter,
 As prospects more glowing enfold;
 Then on, merry men! to Cipango,
 To the west, and the regions of gold!"

II.

There came to De Leon, the sailor,
 Some Indian sages, who told
 Of a region so bright that the waters
 Were sprinkled with islands of gold.
 And they added: "The leafy Bimini,
 A fair land of grottos and bowers,
 Is there; and a wonderful fountain
 Upsprings from its gardens of flowers.
 That fountain gives life to the dying,
 And youth to the aged restores;
 They flourish in beauty eternal,
 Who set but their foot on its shores!"

Then answered De Leon, the sailor :
“ I am withered, and wrinkled, and old ;
I would rather discover that fountain,
Than a country of diamonds and gold.”

III.

Away sailed De Leon, the sailor ;
Away with a wonderful glee,
Till the birds were more rare in the azure,
The dolphins more rare in the sea.
Away from the shady Bahamas,
Over waters no sailor had seen,
Till again on his wondering vision,
Rose clustering islands of green.
Still onward he sped till the breezes
Were laden with odors, and lo !
A country embedded with flowers,
A country with rivers aglow !
More bright than the sunny Antilles,
More fair than the shady Azores.
“ Thank the Lord ! ” said De Leon, the sailor,
As feasted his eye on the shores,
“ We have come to a region, my brothers,
More lovely than earth, of a truth ;
And here is the life-giving fountain,—
The beautiful fountain of youth.”

IV.

Then landed De Leon, the sailor,
Unfurled his old banner, and sung ;

But he felt very wrinkled and withered,
 All around was so fresh and so young.
 The palms, ever-verdant, were blooming,
 Their blossoms e'en margined the seas ;
 O'er the streams of the forests bright flowers
 Hung deep from the branches of trees.
 "Praise the Lord ! " sung De Leon, the sailor ;
 His heart was with rapture aflame;
 And he said : "Be the name of this region
 By Florida given to fame.
 'T is a fair, a delectable country,
 More lovely than earth, of a truth ;
 I soon shall partake of the fountain, —
 The beautiful fountain of youth!"

v.

But wandered De Leon, the sailor,
 In search of that fountain in vain ;
 No waters were there to restore him
 To freshness and beauty again.
 And his anchor he lifted, and murmured,
 As the tears gathered fast in his eye,
 "I must leave this fair land of the flowers,
 Go back o'er the ocean, and die."
 Then back by the dreary Tortugas,
 And back by the shady Azores,
 He was borne on the storm-smitten waters
 To the calm of his own native shores.
 And that he grew older and older,
 His footsteps enfeebled gave proof,

Still he thirsted in dreams for the fountain,
The beautiful fountain of youth.

* * *

VI.

One day the old sailor lay dying
On the shores of a tropical isle,
And his heart was enkindled with rapture,
And his face lighted up with a smile.
He thought of the sunny Antilles,
He thought of the shady Azores,
He thought of the dreamy Bahamas,
He thought of fair Florida's shores.
And, when in his mind he passed over
His wonderful travels of old,
He thought of the heavenly country,
Of the city of jasper and gold.
“Thank the Lord !” said De Leon, the sailor,
“Thank the Lord for the light of the truth,
I now am approaching the fountain,
The beautiful fountain of youth.”

VII.

The cabin was silent: at twilight
They heard the birds singing a psalm,
And the wind of the ocean low sighing
Through groves of the orange and palm.
The sailor still lay on his pallet,
’Neath the low-hanging vines of the roof;
His soul had gone forth to discover
The beautiful fountain of youth.

Glynn, Ga.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN.

GLOOAMS of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven

Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs,—

Emerald twilights,—

Virginal shy lights,

Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through the green colonnades

Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,

Of the heavenly woods and glades,

That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn;—

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noonday fire,—

Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire.

Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of
leaves,—

Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul
that grieves,

Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the
wood,

Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good;—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the
vine,

While the riotous noonday sun of the June-day long
did shine,

Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in
mine ;
But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,
And the sun doth wait at the ponderous gate of the
West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth
seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,—
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul
of the oak,
And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome
sound of the stroke
Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn
Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought
me of yore
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but
bitterness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable
pain
Drew over me out of the merciless width of the plain,—

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face
The vast sweet visage of space.
To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the
dawn,
For a mete and a mark

To the forest-dark : —

So :

Affable live-oak, bending low —

Thus — with your favor — soft, with a reverent hand,

(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land !)

Swinging your beauty aside, with a step I stand

On the firm-packed sand,

Free

By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.

Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band

Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.

Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach-lines linger and curl

As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm sweet limbs of a girl.

Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight, Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray looping of light.

And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods stands high ?

The world lies east : how ample, the marsh and the sea and the sky !

A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad in the blade,

Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or a shade,

Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain, To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of
sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-with-
holding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves
to the sea !

Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and
the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath
mighty won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the favor of God :
I will fly in the favor of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh
and the skies :

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the
sod

I will heartily lay me a hold on the favor of God.
Oh, like to the favor of God, for the largeness within,
Is the range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of
Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh : lo, out of his
plenty the sea

Pours fast : full soon the time of the flood of the tide
must be :

Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that
flow

Here and there,
Everywhere,

Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and
the high-lying lanes,

And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.

Farewell, my lord Sun !

The creeks overflow : a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod ; the blades of the marsh-
grass stir ;

Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that nestward whir :
Passeth, and all is still : and the currents cease to run ;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be !

The tide is in his ecstasy.

The tide is at his highest height :
And it is night.

And now from the vast of the Lord will the waters of
sleep

Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken

The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
 Under the waters of sleep?
 And I would I could know what swimmeth below when
 the tide comes in
 On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes
 of Glynn.

Sidney Lanier.

New Orleans, La.

OUT OF THE PLAGUE-STRICKEN CITY.

"WE will go, my love, together to the golden
 autumn field;

Ah! mellow falls the sunshine where the roses blow;
 This day in wood and meadow we'll forget the pale
 lips sealed;

This day to love and gladness, whate'er the morrows
 yield."

Sweet, sweet the peaceful forest where the cool
 streams flow.

Through the dread plague-stricken city passed the lov-
 ers on their way,

Far floats the yellow banner in the morning's glow;
 Through the ranks of dead and dying, where the fever-
 smitten lay,

Through the wailing and the horror of the fateful au-
 tumn day.

Ah! God's wrath lieth heavy where the south-winds
 blow.

" Nay, love, why gaze you backward at the dead-cart
in its round ?

Tolls the solemn death-bell, tolling long and slow ;
Death holds the pallid city, but we 'll cross its far-
thest bound,
And forget for one brief hour every ghastly sight and
sound."

List ! that voice that crieth, " Woe, ye people, woe ! "

Like children through the meadows they wandered,
hand in hand;

Soft the mossy hillocks where the violets grow ;
They gathered leaf and flower; but she wrote upon
the sand,

" Ay, strong is love, but stronger is Death's unspar-
ing hand."

Sad the under voices in the river's flow.

" Why speak of death, belovéd ? to-day is surely ours ;
Each hour holds a secret which the angels know ;
Yon gracious sky above us, our feet upon the flowers ;
Why vex with thoughts of dolor the peace of happy
hours ? "

Swift the lights and shadows where the aspens grow.

The air is thrilled with bird notes, in the rapture of their
singing ;

Minor chords are sounding in the dove's plaint, soft
and low ;

I am drunken with the gladness that Nature's grace
is bringing.

Be merry, then, O sweetheart ; list the woodland chorus
ringing."

Far-off bells are tolling a requiem, sad and slow.

She closed her heavy eyelids, laid her head upon his
shoulder ;

Nevermore the dreaming of the happy long ago.

"Alas ! love, 'neath the flowers I see the dead leaves
moulder.

I am chill, so chill and weary; has the sunny day
grown colder ? "

Autumn leaves are falling, as the west-winds come
and go.

Plague-stricken ? Yes, O lover, for the Yellow King
has seized her,

Vast the realm of shadows, where no earth winds
blow ;

Midst the bird songs and the clover and the fresh
free air he claims her.

Vainly, vainly from his power would thy frantic love
withhold her.

Weep o'er sweetest flowers, killed by winter's snow.

He laid her 'neath the aspens, but e'er the first gray
dawning,

Blessed the peaceful garden where God's lilies blow,
Her lovely eyes half opened, and without sigh or warn-
ing,

Her soul beyond the shadows had sprung to meet the
morning.

Oh, the blissful morning which His people know !

M. B. Williams.

Têche, the River, La.

THE RIVER TÊCHE.

SOFTLY the evening came. The sun from the western horizon Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape ; Twinkling vapors arose ; and sky and water and forest Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together. Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver, Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water. Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweet- ness. Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her. Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers, Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water, Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music, That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen. Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then soaring to madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied
Bacchantes.

Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamenta-
tion;

Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in
derision,

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the
tree-tops

Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on
the branches.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed
with emotion,

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through
the green Opelousas,

And, through the amber air, above the crest of the
woodland,

Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring
dwelling; —

Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing
of cattle.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks,
from whose branches

Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe
flaunted,

Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at
Yule-tide,

Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman.
A garden

Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was
of timbers

Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.

Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,

Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,

Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.

At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,

Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol, Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.

Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine

Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,

And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding

Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.

In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway

Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,

Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.

Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,

Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

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Texas, the Plains.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

WE lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride ;
And the heavens of blue and the harvest of brown
And beautiful clover were welded as one,
To the right and the left, in the light of the sun.
“ Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Camanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon,” muttered bearded old Revels
As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso. Then he jerked at his
steed
And he sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the
ground ;
Then again to his feet, and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a
reed, —
“ Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed you if ever for life you would speed,
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride !
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,

And feet of wild horses hard flying before
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire."

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them over
again,

And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheers,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red-spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colt's, the companions of years,
Cast the silken serapes to the wind in a breath,
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the
horse, —

As bare as when born, as when new from the hand
Of God, — without word, or one word of command.
Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with death,
Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the hair
Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course;
Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air
Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea
Rushing fast upon us, as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert blew hollow and hoarse.

Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look nor low call
Of love-note or courage; but on o'er the plain

So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we nose and gray
 nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, as a creviced wind
 blows :
Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer,
There was work to be done, there was death in the
 air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose, and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the arid earth
 rang,
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the
 neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles ! . . . thirty miles ! . . . a dim distant speck . . .
Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos in sight,
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight,
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right —
But Revels was gone ; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger ; I saw his head drooping
Hard down on his breast, and his naked breast stoop-
 ing
Low down to the mane, as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
A terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher.
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,

The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
 Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
 Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
 And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
 Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
 While his keen crooked horns, through the storm of his
 mane,

Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
 And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,
 And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then,—and nose, neck, and
 shoulder

Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;
 And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
 Did beam full in mine her two marvellous eyes,
 With a longing and love, yet a look of despair
 And of pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
 And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
 Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
 To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
 Did subside and recede, and the nerves fall as dead.
 Then she saw sturdy Pachè still lorded his head,
 With a look of delight; for nor courage nor bribe,
 Nor naught but my bride, could have brought him to
 me.

For he was her father's, and at South Santafee
 Had once won a whole herd, sweeping everything
 down

In a race where the world eame to run for the crown.
 And so when I won the true heart of my bride,—

My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe,—
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the North Brazos side;
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Pachè, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the North Brazos side,
And await her,—and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well
Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape—a love—a desire—
Yet never a word, not one look of appeal,
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay
 heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire around me and under,
And the howling of beasts and a sound as of thunder,—
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over,
As the passionate flame reached around them, and
 wove her
Red hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died,—
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone . . .

And into the Brazos . . . I rode all alone,—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

* * *

Joaquin Miller.

THE END.

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